Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 205. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 1912. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.

IN THE STOCKS.—No. 6: MRS. MARY LEIGH.

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why not dress better for less money; call or write for particulars, W. W. Hedgecoe and Co. (West End Cutting Experts) 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (two doors from Gray's Inn Road.).

Nearly new grey flannel suit, with fancy vest, cost £3 3s., height 5ft. 11in., chest 37in., waist 36in., price 25s.—Box 9800, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's black frock coat, satin lined, nearly new, waist measurement 38in., bargain, 10s. 6d.—Box 9801, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Dark grey Chesterfield, as new, winter overcoat, 37in. chest, 46in. long, cost 38s., accept 25s.; also Raglan rainproof, in fawn, cost 3gs., accept 30s., new condition, chest 44in., length 46in.—Box 9802, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, gentleman's overcoat, chest 43in., length about 48in., cheap.—Box 9803, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Amusements, post free, particulars of novelties, puzzles, etc.—Hyams, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

Motor cycle lamp, 5in., with separate generator, unused, 10s. 6d.—Box 9804, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, a salmon spinning rod, with Mallox reel and line, complete.—Box 9805, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Whitley's developer, good condition, 7s. 6d., or nearest offer.—Box 9806, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Billiard dining table 8ft. 4in. by 4ft. 2in. Riley, perfect condition, all accessories, and extra cloth, £18, or reasonable offer.—Box 9807, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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FREE SHAVING SET COUPON.

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of MODERN MAN, and a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated Patent MODERN MAN Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case. For particulars see page 1424.

Dated September 28, 1912.

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MEDICAL, &c.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer with Piles? Buer Mul-la and Powder is a safe, certain, and speedy cure; cures permanently the worst cases. Send two stamps for free sample.—Prof. Buer, 5251, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

Recipe for good petroleum emulsion for hair, also "Hair Hints," keeps hair in perfect order; P.O. 1s. 1d.—"Modern Man Leaguer," 134, Hurst Road, Oclynge, Eastbourne.

Certain cure for falling hair and dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"X.L.C.R." Curlolena, the sure hair curler; bottle, P.O. 1s. 1½d.; two, 1s. 10½d.—Fergusson, 25, Winchendon Road, Teddington, and 82, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, N.E.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1418.

EDUCATIONAL.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1420.

Clerks: Revolution in bookkeeping; the marvellous New Rapid lessons will teach you how to keep any set of books without assistance, in one month, with perfect accuracy.—Send postcard for illustrated pamphlet.—Secretary, 134, Holborn Hall College, London. Telephone, 6,111, Holborn.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's 18ct. bangle ring, new condition, 15dwt., size Y½, 65s.—Box 9813, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's silver hall marked hunting Waltham, practically new, splendid timekeeper, cost 45s., accept 34s.—Box 9814, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Airedale Terriers, five months, sire by Champion Dany Craig Commander dam by Midland Rollo; best guards and companions.—Smith, 30, Gwyn Street, Bedford.

Duplicator, latest pattern, complete with metal type and ribbon, perfect condition; sell £4; or exchange for typewriter or anything useful.—Box 9816, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Solid 15ct. cuff links, almost new, cost 30s.; genuine bargain, 22s.; approval.—Box 9317, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. 6d. buys one of MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1422.

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Modern Man

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title hedding of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

To the reader whose cutting is made use of a MODERN MAN *Fountain Pen will be sent.*

Our Subject "In the Stocks."

To all whom it may concern. Notice is hereby given that Mrs. Mary Leigh is in the Stocks during the pleasure of *Modern Man*. Not the least remarkable characteristic of Mrs. Leigh is her remarkable recuperative power. To come out of prison to all appearances nearly dead, and then immediately to publish her intention of leading a march on her late residence is really remarkable.

It is, however, because we don't believe that Mrs. Leigh was really ill at all that we have put her in the Stocks; and we commend to the attention of our readers our article dealing with her and her confederates, which appears on another page.

* * *

"Facts of Nature."

In reviewing the new Criminal Law (White Slave Traffic) Amendment Bill, *Modern Man* pleaded that knowledge which is deliberately withheld from girls and boys at school should be deliberately imparted to them.

We are gratified to find that what we advocated is already practised by the headmistress of a school in Hertfordshire. "If you don't teach children the facts of nature in an open, sensible way, they find them out for themselves in a vulgar, improper way," she said the other day. This one terse sentence of hers is an epitome of practical philosophy.

She refers to her lessons as the teaching of eugenics, and, as she hasn't waited for official inclusion of the subject in the official curriculum, she tacks them on to her Scripture lessons—and quite appropriately, too, for there is a lot of inspired "plain speaking" in the Bible.

* * *

Prayers for Suicides.

It scarcely falls within the province of *Modern Man* to adjudicate as to whether suicides should or should not be prayed for, nor indeed whether the dead should be prayed for at all. At the same time, the action of the Rev. P. T. Bainbrigge, a Church of England clergyman, who asked his congregation to pray for suicides as a whole, and for the late General Nogi and his wife in particular, invite comment, especially as it appears to have scandalised some of the weaker brethren.

On the assumption that prayers for the departed are—or at any rate may be—beneficial, and that non-Christians are not beyond the sphere of this *post-mortem* efficaciousness, what possible wrong can there be in charitably assuming a suicide to have been insance, and, therefore, irresponsible, at the time of death, and in praying consequently for the repose of his soul, even though he was a Shintoist?

Mr. Bainbrigge's critics had better do a bit of heart-searching, and put that question very plainly to themselves.

* * *

Labour Exchanges.

Two years ago the first Labour Exchanges were established, to the number of one hundred. Now they number four hundred and thirty. This shows on one hand the extension of a laudable purpose, but on the other hand it points, if not to an extension, at least to an undiminished continuance of unemployment.

During August the applications for work reached as many as 275,982, against only 67,529 vacancies filled, the vacancies notified being 84,463.

Mr. Winston Churchill speaks as though the success of these institutions were beyond question—but it isn't. At the best it is only a degree of success.

* * *

Pauper-Robbing Guardians.

The Building Committee of the Droxford Board of Guardians (Hampshire) recommended the very modest grant of £3 to an inmate of the local workhouse who had put in three months' work in repainting and decorating the interior of the establishment, at a net saving to the ratepayers of £27 10s.

The stingy Board rejected the recommendation of the Committee, and drew the line at one solitary, beggarly pound, whereupon the Chairman of the latter and three other Guardians resigned in disgust and manly indignation. It is up to the electors to secure their re-election, and to decorate the others with the insignia of the order of the chuck.

* * *

Conceited Councillors.

The Fulham Borough Council seek to foist on the ratepayers a charge of six guineas for framing a collection of photographs of the Councillors. The district auditor refusing to pass the item, the Council have appealed to the Local Government Board. It is to be hoped and expected that the Local Government Board will associate themselves with the well-merited snub administered by the district auditor. Let the photographed Councillors pay for the indulgence of their conceit themselves. They should be charged a fixed sum for the use of the Council Chamber as a place of exhibition.

* * *

Air and Hair.

An American couple who couldn't agree on earth adventured a flight together in the air, to see whether they could adjust their differences nearer heaven. The experiment was successful. They went up at discord and came down at peace.

The husband says it was because, alone by themselves, they were free from the interference of outsiders. The wife says that at the height to which they soared, earthly provocations of disagreement dwindled and disappeared with the earth, while admiration of hubby's nerve and skill "brought out" all her love for him. At Farnham—our English Farnham—hair is causing what (in the cited case) air cured—matrimonial trouble, to wit.

The rector wants to put up a folk-play, and if the male characters are to be histrionically correct, they will almost all need a *Modern Man* shaving equipment, for off must come their whiskers, their beards, and their moustaches.

Against this their spouses are up in arms, some of them threatening to go home to mother. "What is home without whiskers?" is their question, "keep your hair on" their demand—surely an inconsistent one in these days of the shaven face.

* * *

Taking Their Time.

The P.O. telephone authorities claim: "We have a telephone system which we are sparing no trouble and no expense to make the best in the world."

They might have claimed further, "without fear of contradiction," that they are also "sparing" no time about it. In fact, they seem to be taking an eternity.

The weather prophet *in excelis*! Mr. Hugh Clements has offered to give the members of the International Conference of Weather Experts a demonstration proving that the weather can be accurately predicted for any part of the world for any day or hour for at least three years in advance!

We know of an ideal retreat where he can work out his calculations at his leisure. The late lamented Phil May called it Dottyville.

* * *

Getting on People's Nerves.

Canon Cooper, of Boston, is very much perturbed; and, incidentally, he's getting on people's nerves. It appears that, in ignorance of the relationship between them he recently married a man and his deceased wife's sister; and now he seems anxious to do penance for his unwitting crime in sack-cloth and ashes.

He takes his stand on what, without question, is an absurd anomaly—the fact that, while Parliament has legalised such marriages the Table of Affinity attached to the Book of Common Prayer has not been altered, and continues therefore in effect to pronounce them illegal.

Yet, after all, the action of the Legislature is surely quite sufficient. It was Parliament that authorised the Book of Common Prayer in the original instance, and hence the same authority can modify anything which that book contains. The validity of any such modification is not conditioned by a corresponding change being directed to take place in the book itself.

Canon Cooper is the minister of a Parliamentary Church, and if he cannot square obedience to the supreme authority with the dictates of his conscience, he should transfer himself to some more congenial body, one with whose doctrine and discipline the heterogeneous crowd at Westminster can in no way interfere.

* * *

Pity the Poor Solicitor.

Pity the poor solicitor! According to Mr. Charles Leopold Samson, President of the Law Society Conference at Cardiff, the work of that estimable man of fees and parchments is decreasing, and the remuneration becoming unbeautifully less.

All he could advise, he added, was that solicitors should watch and pray. Which last word is uncharitably spelt "prey" by certain folk who profess to have the best of justification for that orthographic liberty.

One little admission of Mr. Samson's expresses a whole volume. "The way solicitors make out costs is a relic of barbarism," he declared. "We have to charge for things we do not do in order to get remuneration for things we do."

If meanings are deduced from those words which the President of the Law Society Conference did not intend, he nevertheless must not be surprised.

* * *

Cheap Railway Couplings.

We live and learn. It has just come to light that a great number of failures of railway couplings are reported to the Board of Trade every year. During the last twelve months, according to Colonel Yorke, the number was no less than 2,934. And probably, he added, there were many more of which nothing was heard.

The explanation? Oh, the usual thing—economy. Cheapness first, efficiency second. Colonel Yorke strongly urges better quality. But why is not a thing of such serious import treated more drastically? It ought to be a matter, not merely of suggestion, but of compulsion.

The nationalisation of railways may be a good thing, or the reverse. But should it ever enter the region of accomplished politics, the fact will largely be attributable to those who could have prevented it had they but done the obviously right thing at the proper time.

* * *

All Through a Dog.

Another little incident to contribute to the gaiety of nations. Last May the wife of Major-General Browne was fined half-a-crown for keeping a dog without a license. As a matter of fact, the license was in existence, but could not be found at the time. Subsequently, however, it was discovered, and Mrs. Browne was accorded a Royal pardon! Just think of it! Pardoned for an offence of which she had never been guilty! And through the medium of a portentously long and formal document, beginning: "George the Fifth, by the Grace of God," etc., ending: "Given to our Court at St. James," etc., and containing such phrases as: "We are graciously pleased to extend our Grace and Mercy unto the said Mrs. G. F. Browne"!

It is high time, surely, that His Majesty's name was removed from all association with such farcical proceedings. It is bringing the Crown into absolute ridicule.

* * *

Indignant Couples.

There will be inconsistencies and incongruities right up to the crack of doom. That is little justification, however, for making no attempt to remedy them as we go along. And there's one out Ilford way that wants a lot of putting right. Ilford's population of 80,000 souls is without a registry office whereat to enter into the bonds of holy matrimony! The couples who have a prejudice against "hitching up" in church or chapel have to journey to Romford, six miles distant, in order that a registrar may do the knot-tying, and naturally enough there's a considerable amount of indignant dissatisfaction.

Due representations having been made, the Registrar General has declared that the registry office ought to be transferred from Romford to Ilford, and has urged the Romford Guardians to take steps to bring about the transfer. But isn't that a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul? We know that, according to the classic phrase of a living statesman, minorities must suffer. But surely not always and everywhere. And why should Romford's 17,000 be deprived of a registry office because Ilford's 80,000 want one? Let each crowd have its own, says *Modern Man*.

* * *

Correspondent's Bewailing.

A correspondent in a contemporary professes to be disgusted at learning that 40,000 pickers are wanted in the hop districts of Hereford and Worcester. His reasoning appears to be a trifle involved, but it would seem that he attributes the want to the fact that "every steerage passage on the various lines to Australia has been booked up to Christmas," and that this calamitous state of things is due to the further fact that "thousands of aliens are being thrust into our country every week."

Whatever bearing the alien invasion may have upon the British exodus, it is very much to be questioned whether it in any way affects the hop-picking industry. The hop-picker as an emigrant is a *rara avis in Terris*. And even if there were no alien displacement, permanent employment in the Colonies would be a bigger inducement to the average Englishman than an annual month or two in the hop fields.

Besides, "hopping" is not precisely an aristocratic form of employment, and as our contemporary's correspondent has an extremely poor opinion of the alien, he surely would prefer *him* to be pulling hops while the Englishman was helping to build up the Empire on an Australian sheep-run, or in a Canadian city.

* * *

All Honour to the Company.

If ever a man owed it to a company to prove his gratitude and appreciation in the most incontestable way, that man is John Roberts. Appointed by the Fishmongers' Company in 1899 to a £200 per annum post, he was promoted in 1907 to one with a salary of £360, which was increased eventually to £475. And even when, in 1910, he was called upon to resign through his having given way to drink, he received a parting gratuity of £225, while at the present moment the Company are willing to contribute £40 a year towards his maintenance in a home for inebriates if he will but make an effort to overcome his craving for liquor.

All honour to the Fishmongers' Company, and all dishonour to John Roberts should he forego the opportunity they are giving him to rehabilitate himself.

Dipsomania is bad enough in all conscience. It would be infinitely degrading for him to repeat his recent appearance before the magistrate with ever-increasing frequency, and the inevitable consequences of fine and imprisonment.

Apropos, how is it that one of those much-boomed infallible inebriety Scotchers — no pun intended — that are guaranteed by men with reputable clerical names, cannot be made to prove its worth in a case like this? One would have so much more confidence in their alleged efficacy if even only one John Roberts could be shown to have been reclaimed by such means.

* * *

Crime and the Cinematograph.

On one hand we have mentally myopic people who denounce "picture" exhibitions as an incentive to crime, because "pictures" are occasionally shown of the lives and exploits of criminals. On the other hand, the Governor of the great prison of Newcastle-on-Tyne has popped up with the "unsolicited testimonial" that in his opinion the

decrease of crime in the district is in large measure to be accredited to the influence of the numerous cinematograph shows that flourish in the city and its suburbs.

* * *

Gambling Club Raid.

Sixty-two defendants recently appeared at Marlborough Street in connection with a raid on a West End house said to have been used for gaming. One man was fined £100, or two months' imprisonment, another £50 or one month's imprisonment, and 56 men were bound over in their recognisances not to "haunt" gaming houses for the next twelve months.

The point that strikes us is this. We know—and the police know, as well as we do—of scores of other houses, even more notorious, that have been allowed to go on with impunity for years, and probably will do so for many years more. We permit ourselves to ask significantly, why is this?

* * *

The Aeroplane of the Future.

In view of the deplorably large total of tragedies in the aviation world of late, it is interesting and hopeful to note that Mr. T. A. Dring, of Trowbridge, hopes very soon to have completed a model of a flying machine reproducing, by mechanical means, all the movements of a hovering insect.

This has been our point all along. A machine like the aeroplane of the present, which has to gain impetus by motor propulsion along the ground for a hundred or more yards before it can rise into the air, cannot by any means be correctly described as a "flying" machine.

It seems to us that only when we are able to reproduce in an aeroplane the "flapping powers" of birds or insects, will we ever be on the road to the "conquest of the air."

* * *

Oscar and Felice.

Still further trouble, so we hear, lines the majestic brow of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, the Americo-Hebrew operatic impresario, who recently declared his vexation at London's deplorable lack of enthusiasm for his productions in Kingsway. It appears that as a result of some quarrel between Mr. Hammerstein and Miss Felice Lyne, the prima donna—we do not know the facts of the case, so we do not range ourselves on either side—Felice hit Oscar with a roll of music.

It is also stated that Miss Lyne recently remarked that Mr. Hammerstein was a "dead duck" in England, and that he would be stoned if he returned there. Mr. Hammerstein, who has since filed a libel action, states that he never insulted Miss Lyne.

However, if he was as free with his remarks towards that lady as he has been towards poor old England, we fancy, as the sporting prophets say, that we have a good Lyne to go on.

* * *

Not the Only One.

Somewhere on this globe is to be found an individual whose brazen cheek deserves to be appropriately immortalised with a brazen monument. He has displayed it in an advertisement recently inserted by him in *The Times*, and which reads as follows:—

TO THE RICH.—A gentleman, twenty-seven, good-looking, six feet, very musical and artistic, good voice, sportsman, whose life since the age of seventeen has been a lonely struggle for bare necessaries against insistent ill-luck and disappointments, asks some one who may take an interest and who would not even miss the means to give him one year of full, real life; to see the beautiful places and things in the world and to have funds and carte-blanche to gratify his own tastes, and taste what the happiness that money gives really is.—Country.

His composition is as bad as his taste, and he seems to forget that there are millions of men and women in the world in the same case as he—people infinitely more deserving because they suffer in silence. So we hope that no woman (he is obviously fishing for a misguided member of the fair sex, or why does he say he is "good-looking"?) will fall in with his suggestion.

* * *

To Germany in Her Mourning.

In the official and the unofficial condolence addressed to Germany from this country on the death of her Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, there is a ring of sincerity which can scarcely fail to impress the German people. Without knowing the real purport of his mission, the real nature of his instructions, the true trend of his personal hopes and ambitions in England, on the arrival of Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, we extended to him a warm and open-minded welcome, free from all suspicion of prejudice or distrust—and just such a welcome awaits his successor.

* * *

Clubs versus Pubs.

A very real and spiky thorn in the flesh of the harassed licensed victualler is shown by the recent prosecution at West London of one Johann Busoni, who was charged with selling spirits, beer, wines, and tobacco without a license at the Devonport Club, Shepherd's Bush. It was stated at the hearing that the club was a duly registered one. A solicitor pointed out that the existence of such a club was a great hardship on the licensees of public-houses in the district. This is exactly the point which *Modern Man* hammered home in an article some weeks back, entitled "After Midnight Houses"; and we are glad that our contention was endorsed by Mr. Fordham, the West London magistrate, who imposed penalties on Busoni amounting to £100 with costs, or six months' imprisonment.

* * *

Sheffield Police Scandal.

What are the *real* facts about the scandal of the Central Police Recreation Club, Sheffield? Six officers holding important posts have suffered penalties in connection with it, the particulars being as follows:—

Chief Inspector Speechly, dismissed from his office and suspended from all duty pending the committee's final decision.

Inspectors Andrews and Cotterill, suspended from duty pending further investigation.

Acting-Inspector Cook and Sergeants Matthews and Powell, reduced to rank of first-class constables.

This action has been taken, state the committee, in consequence of these officers having been found guilty of conduct unbecoming the responsibility of the positions they held.

What form this "conduct unbecoming, etc., took would be interesting to know; and *Modern Man* does not intend to be in the dark about it much longer, or to allow its readers to be, either. One of our special commissioners is prosecuting active investigations, which should provide illuminating communications in the near future, following upon our recent fearless exposures of other police scandals. Meanwhile, it is significant that two other police clubs in Sheffield are now under consideration by the authorities.

* * *

Contemptible Suffragette Wife.

Really we have no patience with Dr. Elizabeth Wilks, M.D., B.S., a well-to-do woman who, as most of us know, recently allowed her impecunious husband to go to gaol because she refused to pay £40 income tax. She now writes to the *Daily Mail* about her husband in the following pathetic strain:—

"He looks thin and ill . . . . . It is true that I have been allowed several interviews with him, but only for twenty minutes, and always in the presence of a warder. Is this the way in which a man whose only crimes are his poverty and his association with a well-to-do wife should be treated in this land of so-called freedom?"

May we ask, disgustedly, why if Dr. Wilks is so concerned about her husband, she allows him to languish thus in prison? By refusing payment of this wretched £40, which she can well afford, she is deliberately keeping him there; and her letter to the *Daily Mail* is no more nor less than contemptible hypocrisy. We wish the "ducking-stool" were in operation to-day; for, if it were, we should be delighted to give Dr. Elizabeth Wilks, M.D., B.S., a thorough sousing in it.

* * *

British or German Pianos.

Discussion is rife in musical circles at the present moment as to the rival merits of British and German pianos. Writing to the *Daily Express*, Dr. Charles Vincent, Mus. Doc., Oxon., quotes a statement of Mr. Oscar Cupper, to the effect "that Great Britain does not, and probably cannot, make as good an instrument as Germany does." Dr. Vincent hotly asserts, "I have in my mind's eye several instruments by English makers which, in my experience, are far above any German piano of similar size as regards touch (an English action), tone, finish, and durability."

But why all this heart burning? Probably until the last piano—we mean the last trump—sounds, Britons and Teutons will agree to differ on this weighty point; so why not let it go at that, and have done with it?

The school children's strike in Bradford as a result of the discontinuance of the customary two days' closure of the schools during the Idle feast, is yet another sign of the times which does not please us. Children are born copyists, and perhaps this imitation of their labouring fathers is not unnatural—but to our mind it shows a spirit which bodes by no means well for the future.

* * *

Law-Breaking Youngsters.

It is well that the attention of parents should be drawn to the Metropolitan Police Act of 1839. Children who hang on to the backs of carts, vans, and other vehicles—including motor-cars, although, of course, the existence of the latter was not contemplated so far back as the second year of the reign of Queen Victoria—thereby commit an offence against the Act in question, and if the driver brings it to the notice of a constable, the offender can be summoned, or at least cautioned as to liability to prosecution.

Accidents—some of them fatal—are constantly occurring through the law in this respect being set at naught, and parents in some cases have the pachydermatous hardihood to claim compensation for injuries sustained by their law-breaking children! The law with which they should concern themselves a little more sedulously is the Solomonic precept which provides for the application of the rod to the youngster who is in danger of being spoilt.

* * *

Private, Confidential and Abominable.

The Insurance Tax Resisters' League is sending out an abominable circular, discreetly endorsed "strictly private and confidential," not only encouraging employers to evade and break the law, but showing them how to do it. Its "strictly private and confidential" tip touches the high-water mark —or sinks to the lowest—of meanness and selfishness. By a new sort of card trick the employee is to be made to pay the employer's share as well as his own, and the employer relieved from his legal obligation to work the Act.

Be that Act good, bad or indifferent, this precious circular embodies a cowardly proposition.

* * *

Down with the Plimsoll Mark.

We mean down with it literally—"up" with it metaphorically. The finding of the Board of Trade in the case of the foundered steamer "North Briton" spells the Board's own condemnation for ever allowing the Plimsoll line to be heightened, as it did allow in 1906—giving heed to the specious argument that ships, being better built than in Plimsoll's time, could safely carry the extra load. Since this concession to the selfish and murderous greed of owners, experience has abundantly demonstrated its wickedness. and the falsity of the assertion that was held to justify it.

The mark must be put down again, and the former margin of freeboard be thus restored.

* * *

Passport to Paradise.

An instance of the length to which human gullibility will go is afforded by a story which reaches us from Munich, in Germany. A woman there has just been sentenced to two years and seven months' imprisonment for obtaining money by false pretences from an old lady called Grass.

Declaring that her father was janitor in Heaven, the woman, so it was said, succeeded in swindling the old dame out of more than £240 by stating that in order to get her a front seat in Heaven it was necessary to propitiate certain influential saints.

Apart from the fact that the dupe can hardly have been too well-read in the Scriptures—or she would not have credited any of the saints with so venal a character—it is pretty certain that the old lady must be as green as her name.

* * *

Killed at a Crossing.

The other day, Mr. Clement Mackrow, a director and manager of the shipyard department of the Thames Ironworks Company, was killed at a private level crossing on the G.E.R. close to the Victoria Dock Road.

The employee in charge of the gates, it seems, had just let out a van, and, the gates being still open, Mr. Mackrow, evidently thinking the crossing was clear, ran his car on to it just as a goods train was passing on the up line. Mr. Mackrow had for years been in the habit of leaving the works at the same time—4.35 p.m.—but it is stated that the train passed the crossing two minutes earlier than usual.

The moral seems to be that the gates should be shut immediately a train is signalled—and also that goods trains should observe just as strict a time-table as those carrying passengers.

* * *

Police Responsibility for Unemployment.

Modern Man further protests against the order forbidding the street distribution of handbills. The Commissioner of Metropolitan Police is getting altogether too grandmotherly in his ideas and his methods. Without considering the labour involved, and the money that changes hands, in the preparation of the prohibited announcements, their distribution alone has provided work for from a thousand to fifteen hundred "unskilled hands" at a wage of from eighteen-pence to four shillings a day.

What are these poor fellows to do without this employment and this wage?

One circularising agency alone tells us that when it received police notice of the new regulation it had work waiting for fifty men—and many more than fifty men waiting for the work. In the course of a single week afterwards it had to refuse orders, the execution of which would have employed two hundred and eighty.

And all this with the winter coming on! We warn the Commissioner in the plainest of language that in manufacturing increased unemployment he is going the right way to work to manufacture more criminals. He had better re-consider, or we shall certainly have something more to say to him.

* * *

Charge Against a Cricketer.

Modern Man is glad to see that Mignon, the famous Middlesex fast bowler, has been acquitted of the charge which was brought against him some time back. This was to the effect that Mignon had embezzled three sums—11s., 13s. and 25s.—the moneys of the Aldershot Stores, by whom he was employed last winter as a traveller in sporting goods. The manager of the stores had subsequently to admit that he was not certain he had ever asked Mignon for the money (said to be amounts paid for goods delivered); and Mignon was afterwards acquitted. On the face of it, a man occupying a position such as Mignon's in professional first-class cricket, would not risk his future for a sum of £2 9s. We do not think further comment is needed.

* * *

The Dirge of the Cottager.

The cry for cottages grows louder and louder. It sounds like a dirge. How can we leave the subject alone when such instances as the following reach us in weekly shoals?

In the whole parish of Boreham, near the capital town of Essex, not a cottage is to be had "for love or money." For one vacant dwelling recently there were thirty instant and clamourous applicants. The Guardians are afraid to exercise their building powers, lest they raise the rates. Better do that than do nothing.

* * *

From Essex to Devon.

Appointed barrack warden at Okehampton, a time-expired old soldier finds himself homeless. The old story—not a vacant cottage anywhere. His wife and four children have found a temporary sleeping-place in the house of a kind-hearted villager, another sympathetic neighbour takes in the nest of youngsters, and the old soldier himself slumbers where he can when he can. In the day time he and all the family make use of a derelict stable.

* * *

Mrs. Grundy in "God's Acre."

The cemetery of Père Lachaise (Paris is a strange place in which to find Mrs. Grundy. What is the old lady doing across Channel? Well, she has been having a look at Epstein's Monument, carved for the tomb of Oscar Wilde, and she condemns it on the score of impropriety. The central figure of the design, being that of a nude man, appears to have attracted the early gaze of eyes that are blind to the symbolic, but ever on the look-out to see what the eyes of the pure-minded cannot see.

Where a sculptor, artist, or author puts a clean and lofty thought, Mrs. Grundy beholds only the reflection of the debased imagination through which she peers. The suggestion that any sculptor would outrage the sanctity of a cemetery is revolting—yet have the authorities covered up Mr. Epstein's work with a tarpaulin, in deference to a prudery of which France is certainly not the native soil. Were there anything properly objectionable in it, it is inconceivable that they would ever have sanctioned its erection.

We should be jubilant, instead of sorry, to hear of Mrs. Grundy in Père Lachaise or any other cemetery—if we might know that she was there to stay.

* * *

Street Terrorism.

What is known as the "shooting incident" at Park Road, Regent's Park, has ended in the conviction of a man for discharging a revolver in the open roadway to the public danger. A witness swore that the accused fired three times at him, and twice at another man. The prisoner got off with a fine of forty shillings or a month—surely another flagrant abuse of the magisterial option, although the charge had been so watered down. Five shots for forty bob!

A particularly bad feature of the case was the difficulty experienced by the police in getting witnesses to come forward with their evidence, these witnesses being in positive fear of violence at the hands of the "gangs" engaged in the scrimmage. Street terrorism is an evil that cannot be dealt with too mercilessly.

* * *

Scotch Court of Criminal Appeal.

There isn't one, but there ought to be. An appeal in the notorious Slater case would probably have prevented a distressing miscarriage of justice.

Sir Conan Doyle's *brochure* has elicited from no less eminent an authority on criminal evidence than Sir Herbert Stephen a declaration of belief that Slater was entirely innocent of the murder for which he is serving a life sentence.

If the Government continues to be deaf much longer it must be made to hear, and to institute a special inquiry.

* * *

Starve or Steal?

A police census has just been taken of the costermongers and other street "traders" of the City of London, the returns accounting for 18,000. These are to be registered, and the total is not to be increased. No more sellers of anything are to be tolerated in the roadway or by the pavement. This regulation will work very cruelly in many cases.

Poor men, and poor women, and poor girls, who may not sell in the streets a banana, a pair of boot-laces, a bunch of flowers, a "button-hole," or a card of studs, will have to decide the embarrassing question, "starve or steal?"

* * *

Pensions Paid Quarterly.

At a Lambeth inquest on a police pensioner named John William Mullen, who drew £13 10s. on the previous Monday, and had only 5d. left on Saturday, the coroner remarked that it seemed a pity that such large sums should be paid to pensioners quarterly. The widow said she had left deceased because he was constantly drinking.

We fully endorse the coroner's words. In the case of a man addicted to drink, a large quarterly sum is a great temptation; while even to a steady one a small weekly amount is often far more useful.

* * *

THE SPORT'S TRIBUTE.

"Sure, an' ye wuz a foin birrud before I shot all th' feathers offen ye."

WHY THE TRAMWAYS ROT.

Suggestions for Reviving a Dying Industry.

To the man who is inclined to ruminate on matters municipal, a moral will be suggested by notices that have only quite recently been exhibited in the streets at Norwood.

This is an appeal to the public to support the local tramways run by the London County Council, because they are threatened with extinction by the motor 'buses. There could be no more conclusive sign than this that, as they are managed at present, the tramways are a dying industry.

Cut Out by Motor 'Buses.

The fact that an appeal is necessary for the public to support them shows that the public are *not* supporting them. And the fact that they are being cut out by the motor 'buses shows equally clearly that the motor 'buses offer advantages which the trams cannot offer.

First of all, the great outstanding factor of the latter's disfavour is the fact that they are run on lines. Lines, or rails, are obviously excellent on a track that is used for no other traffic—such, for instance, as a railway—but on a public thoroughfare they constitute a well-nigh insuperable bar to speedy progress. Whereas a motor 'bus can often veer to the right or left and "dodge round" any slow-moving vehicle in front, the tramcar cannot do this.

Another big point is the system in vogue on the trams of stopping only at certain spots designated by signs on the pavement. These points are hardly ever less than a hundred yards apart, and often more. Now a wayfarer who is midway between two such points will certainly not walk fifty or more yards back or forward to get a tram, when he can stand where he is, and signal to a motor 'bus to stop for him.

More Important Points.

Yet another point, which has more importance than appears at first sight, is that a motor 'bus can draw up right against the kerb. The tram, on the other hand, can only be boarded after an excursion of four or five yards into the roadway. This involves two big drawbacks.

Timid people, in a busy street, will not risk dodging carts and taxi-cabs to get to the tram; and in wet weather nobody cares to splash through an inch or more of mud for the same purpose.

The motor 'buses are, again, immeasurably more smartly "conducted." The motor 'bus conductor can give away innumerable points to his brother on the tramcar, in the matter of knowing his business.

Watch, for example, a populous spot where 'buses and trams are in rivalry, such as Kennington Gate or the Elephant and Castle. You cannot fail to notice that the 'bus-conductors are

(*a*) Smarter in picking up passengers;
(*b*) Quicker in getting them seated, and
(*c*) Speedier in starting off again.

In a word, in addition to their manifold advantages in the matter of construction and working, the motor 'buses are run on businesslike lines that do not characterise the management of the tramcars—at any rate, those run by municipal bodies in general, and the London County Council in particular. Certain tramways are run by public companies, such as the London United Tramways, and others. The following remarks do not apply to such companies, which are more or less up-to-date in method, but to those worked as municipal enterprises.

Too Much "Red Tape."

There is far too much "red tape" about the latter. The many antiquated methods in vogue among them must be discarded in favour of "live" ones. These should include, most importantly:—

(1) Reduction of fares, or rather lengthening of the distances covered at respective charges.
(2) Abandonment of the "stopping-point" system.
(3) Discontinuance of routes on which statistics show that there are few passengers.

These innovations might possibly lead to a revival of the trams in the public favour—for they have undoubted advantages in some respects. For instance, they are clean and roomy, more so than are the 'buses. But, as things stand at present, the total debt on the municipal tramways amounts to many millions of pounds—and it will be even greater unless something drastic is done at once.

THE DIVORCE COMMISSION SCANDAL.

NO REPORT AFTER NEARLY THREE YEARS!

In the *Modern Man*, under the date September 21st last, we printed a significant paragraph in "Plain Speaking," urging the members of the Royal Commission on the Laws of Divorce to issue their report as speedily as possible. So far, our exhortation has met with no response; and this article is intended to arouse the public recognition to a state of affairs which is nothing short of a national scandal.

Should be Published Immediately.

In view of the grave national questions involved in the laws of divorce—questions which we will outline briefly further on—it is vital that this report should be published *immediately*, and that there should be no *further waste* of the time of prominent public men or of the people's patience. We may fitly touch on the history—it almost amounts to ancient history by now—of the Commission.

Away back in the mists of October, 1909, the idea was mooted of a Royal Commission on the Divorce Laws; and, with the characteristic lighting-like rapidity of English Governmental enterprises, the first meeting of the portentous assembly was held in December of that year. The following are the names of the members of the Commission at the time of its inception:—

Lord Gorell (chairman), the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Derby, Lady Frances Balfour, the Right Honourable Thomas Burt, M.P., Lord Guthrie, Sir W. R. Anson, Bart., M.P., Sir Lewis T. Dibdin, K.C., M.P., the late Sir George White, M.P., Mrs. H. J. Tennant, Judge Tindal Atkinson, Mr. Edgar Brierley (stipendiary magistrate of Manchester), Sir (then Mr.) Rufus Isaacs, K.C., M.P., and Mr. J. A. Spender. The secretary of the Commission was the Hon. Henry Gorell Barnes.

This—we repeat the information for the sake of emphasis—was in the month of December, 1909. It is now nearly three years after! And yet we have had no report of the Commission's findings.

Kind of Nine Days' Wonder.

At the outset of the proceedings they were a kind of nine days' wonder. The newspapers devoted columns to verbatim reports of the questions put to, and the answers given by, the various "witnesses." A great many of these, by the way, were very exalted men, and women, Sir Frederick Treves, who gave evidence at considerable length, being a notable instance.

Things went on in this way, different people being called for examination, each airing some weighty opinion. But for some strange reason or other, things did not seem to be getting any "forrarder."

Little by little the papers began to drop the subject. Then came the news that Lord Gorell, the Chairman, was indisposed, and that the Commission was adjourned. Since then nothing has been done by—or, at any rate, heard of—the famous Royal Commission.

Worse Than Unfair.

It is, however, a matter of the keenest disappointment to thousands of His Majesty's subjects that no amendments have been made, as a result of the Commission, in the existing laws governing divorce. As they stand at present, they are worse than unfair—they are inequitable.

Briefly, the whole point is this. To a dissolute and vicious-lived few divorce may be looked upon as a means of escaping just restrictions which have become irksome. But by the overpowering majority it is viewed in the light of an opportunity of freedom from a condition of suffering and betrayal, and of entering into fresh and more wisely chosen alliances which may provide the happiness which has been withheld for so long.

It is an undeniable fact that divorce is a release which many thousands of people in the United Kingdom actually deserve, but which is denied them because they are too poor to pay for it.

It is one of the boasts of the Englishman that justice is free to all. With our present divorce laws in our eye, we on *Modern Man* venture to assert that it is not. Divorce is forbidden to the upright and deserving many, by a grandmotherly Government and Church, solely for fear that it might make things easier for a loose-living few. But why should the former suffer for the latter? The idea is monstrous.

As a matter of fact, the present almost insuperable obstacles with which a poor person is faced under the present divorce laws, constitute practically a premium set on immorality.

A Case in Point.

Here is a case in point:—

A girl formed the acquaintanceship of a young man who proposed marriage and was accepted. He, however, wronged the girl and decamped without marrying her, leaving her burdened later on with an illegitimate child. She lived by herself for some years, when she met another man, whose circumstance makes the tragedy complete. This man, knowing all about her history, would nevertheless like to marry her—only he is himself married to a woman from whom he is separated by reason of her drunkenness and other loose living. He has the custody of his three children.

Now, here are two people who would give anything to get married, but cannot do so—four little children who are denied the care of a father and a mother—just because our divorce laws retain their stupid condition.

The Question of Cost.

We have said before that the present state of the divorce laws set a premium on immorality. We will now show the reason. The minimum cost of an undefended divorce case is £30, while the lowest figure at which a defended hearing may be obtained is about £70.

People may sue *in forma pauperis* (at a cost of about £12) if they are earning less than 23s. per week; but as such married people will be found in an almost insignificant minority, the latter opening may practically be disregarded.

Thus we see that divorce is beyond the reach of the average man or woman of the small wage-earning class. What remedy is offered to such a person in the event of his or her spouse's infidelity? Simply a separation. And it is this system of "separation" which we contend makes for so much immorality.

Government's Dilatory Treatment.

How much longer is this rotten—we use the word advisedly—state of affairs to be allowed to continue? We were promised a report of the Commission's findings at the latest by the beginning of the New Year 1912; but nothing has yet been done! Moreover, it is rumoured very strongly in legal and political circles that the Report will not be made public for some considerable time, and even then that it will contain few—if any—amendments of practical utility.

We sincerely trust this may not be true; but in any case we have no hesitation whatever in declaring our disgust at the Government's dilatory treatment of one of the gravest national concerns.

New Zealand's Unhappily Mated.

In New Zealand misconduct on either side is a ground for divorce.

So, too, is wilful desertion continuously during five years or more. Habitual drunkenness during four years or more, plus failure on the part of the husband to support his wife and family, or in the case of a wife's failure properly to discharge her household duties dissolves the marriage of the unhappily mated.

Here a husband may attempt to murder his wife. He is given, say, penal servitude for life, but his wife is still tied to him.

In New Zealand conviction of an attempt to take the life of a petitioner followed by sentence of seven years or more penal servitude, or imprisonment, is a ground for divorce.

Similarly a husband or wife convicted of murdering his or her child and not executed may be divorced.

Many a story has been written around the theme of a husband tied to a hopelessly insane wife, and *vice versa*.

In New Zealand the fact that husband or wife is a lunatic is a ground for granting a divorce, provided that he or she has been under restraint for not less than an aggregate of ten years with the twelve years preceding the filing of the petition, and that the case is certified as unlikely to recover.

HERE AND THERE.

Potted News and Humour.

All the records of the herring fishery have been broken at Yarmouth, no less than 320,000 herrings having been caught by the fishing boat Sunbeam to the north of the port. The catch sold for £520, which is another record.

* * *

At the Grandsen (Hunts) Agricultural Society Show, the first prize for long service was awarded to a man aged eighty-three, who had worked on one farm for seventy-two years.

* * *

"What date was it?" asked the Highgate clerk.
Witness: "The day Seddon was hanged!"

* * *

After fishing all day in the River Lea, 30 members of a London angling club landed only one small roach. What a surprise!

* * *

In an inn at Terrington St. Clement, Norfolk, recently were found six men, the youngest being 76 years of age. The ages of the other five ranged from 83 to 85, one of them being the father of 21 children. The youngest of these are twins, now a year and a half old!

* * *

Miss Prim: Oh! it was awful. I didn't mind their stealing the silver and my jewellery, but when one of those burglars entered my room and took a flashlight photograph of me in my—my—my curl papers, I nearly died with mortification.

* * *

A retired British soldier, Mr. Frederick Irvine, who was wounded at the relief of Ladysmith, has just been discharged from the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, after a remarkable operation.

A Boer bullet wrapped in a shred of his pierced tunic was found to have lodged just within an inch of his heart, and was extracted after remaining there for over twelve years.

* * *

A good yarn is now going the rounds concerning Sir George Reid. Whilst out motoring with a friend, a sign on the roadside was noticed which read "Reid's Stout."

The friend drew Sir George's attention to it. "I don't deny the fact," said the Knight, "but I assure you I'm not the advertiser."

* * *

Occasionally a woman fears death because she isn't quite sure that her husband will wear a black necktie at her funeral.

* * *

Lord Erskine, when at the bar, was retained for a lady named Tickle, against whom an action for libel had been brought. At the trial he commenced his address to the Court thus:—"Tickle, my client, the defendant, my lord."

The audience, amused by the oddity of the speech, were almost driven into hysterics by the judge replying "Tickle her yourself; you are as well able to do it as I am."

* * *

Deaths of human beings from snake bites in India last year numbered 24,264, against 22,478 in 1910.

* * *

It is said that the other day, in the course of a trial, the Judge handed the counsel, a well-known Conservative M.P., a little poem which he had just improvised on an incident in the case. Counsel was convulsed with laughter, and he was heard to remark that it was naughty of the Judge. The publication of the poem, which took limerick form, would, says *Reynolds*, create no end of sensation at the Bar. Next, please!

* * *

A resident of Forth Worth, Texas, prides himself on being the only man living who possesses a set of false teeth made of cast iron. Bravo!

* * *

Mr. Ketcham: How is your boy getting along at school?
Mr. Cheatem: Splendidly—splendidly! I just tell you, my old friend, that boy of mine will make his way in the world, don't you fear. During the eight years he's been going to school they have had 32 examinations, and he's managed to dodge every one of 'em.

* * *

A gentleman whose statement we are not going to dispute, voices the opinion that "All occupations are dry." Which reminds us that it's time to go and have one.

TOO LONELY TO LIVE.

How the Desert Drives Men Mad.

Two shot dead, two wounded, then suicide—such in a few words is the record of the unhappy young German named Kerner, who, after eighteen months in the lonely station of Buea, in the German Cameroons, went mad and ran amok with a loaded revolver.

"La Soudanite" is the name which the French give to this strange tropical frenzy. They call it so because it is commonest in their vast desert protectorate, the French Soudan, which covers hundreds of thousands of square miles of the great sandy Sahara desert.

Believed Himself a Sheep.

Its results are extraordinary. Sometimes the afflicted man becomes a raging maniac, as did the wretched Kerner, and runs amok like a rabid dog, at other times he becomes melancholy mad, like the Texan shepherds. Only a year ago an inspector, named Dobson, visiting a distant sheep station in Northern Texas, found the shepherd crawling about on hands and knees among his flock and trying to eat grass. He had forgotten that he was a man, and believed himself a sheep.

The terrible murder of Colonel Klobb was the direct result of "La Soudanite." Lieutenant Meunier, a young French officer, stationed leagues beyond touch of civilisation in the Southern Soudan, went mad, and believed that he had a mission to conquer the surrounding country and become its emperor. He raised a force of natives and began his pillaging career. Colonel Klobb was sent to stop the outbreak, but Meunier, instead of submitting, forced his men to fire upon his superior officer, and killed him upon the spot.

Soldiers Hold up a Train.

In December, 1909, a train was running from Colomb Bechar, in the French Colony of Algeria, to Bon Rached, when the driver saw a red lantern on the line, and naturally pulled up. The passengers, putting their heads out, saw fifty soldiers of the French Foreign Legion, standing with fixed bayonets, half on each side of the train.

"You are all prisoners," shouted their leader. "The first who tries to escape will be shot."

General Vigy, who was in the train, tried to interfere. The men drove him back, seized the train, and while some mounted guard over the passengers, others forced the driver to back his engine. At three in the morning they stopped the train, got off, and marched away towards the south-west.

Of course, they were all caught, and as there seemed no special motive for their extraordinary behaviour, they were leniently dealt with. Nearly all were new comers to the desert, and the outbreak was ascribed to a form of this same desert madness.

The most terrible cases of "La Soudanite" are those in which the sufferers are afflicted with a horrible desire to torture their fellows. Some years ago a young German officer, Prince Prosper von Arenberg, was lieutenant in command of Windhoek, a district of German South West Africa, a dreary waste of salt desert and stony mountains.

Suspended from a Ceiling.

A half-breed named Keen chanced to arouse von Arenberg's displeasure, whereupon the latter put him in irons, slung him from the ceiling, and inflicted upon him unspeakable tortures. When at last the maimed victim was let down, the Prince ordered the sentry to shoot him. The latter hesitated, whereupon von Arenberg, mad with fury, drew his own revolver and shot Keen first through the body, then through the head. Even this failed to end the unfortunate fellow's sufferings, so the Prince, snatching a ramrod, drove it into the last wound, and thus completed the ghastly butchery.

Yet, instead of putting the murderer into a criminal lunatic asylum, his sentence was merely three and a half years' detention in a fortress!

Human Ashes in Bags.

Scores of similar cases might be quoted, and not only from Africa, but from the Australian and American deserts. The horrible outrages committed by the Kenniff brothers in the back blocks of Queensland were undoubtedly inspired by a form of desert madness. It will be remembered that they burnt the ashes of Doyle and Dalke, put the ashes in bags, and strapped them on the saddles of the murdered men's horses.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. XI.—A REVOLUTION IN TOYLAND.

By
ADAM STERN.
Author of the popular Selby Series which appeared in "Modern Man."

"You know, Kane," said Mr. Prosing, with a genial unbending, "I've been thinking."

Such a confession coming from the sole proprietor of that celebrated Emporium, Prosing's, in High Holborn, London, was evidence to the experienced that something momentous was to follow.

"You haven't any status here," went on Mr. Prosing. "You're lacking in locus standi. What I mean to say is, to all intents and purposes you might just as well not be in the place at all."

Now anyone with a self-confidence not superlative like Kane's might uneasily have supposed that Mr. Prosing was pleasantly paving the way towards a dismissal. Kane smiled and nodded.

"Strange how often we come to an intelligent conclusion at one and the same moment," he said. "I can't say that I regard my time with you as having been altogether wasted. As a sort of looker-on I have naturally seen most of the game. But it's quite time that my abilities, instead of being stagnant or scattered, should be put to a better use. I have worked the matter out, and I find that hitherto you have only bought four per cent. of what I am actually worth. What is your proposal?"

Mr. Prosing had the pained expression of an orator whose points are being appropriated in the introductory speech of the chairman.

"If you wouldn't be so fast," he said, "we might get along much quicker. For all you know I might be going to give you the 'kick.' But I won't do that—not till I've tested for myself whether you're competent or merely 'cocky.' . . . Mr. Drapple's been taken ill, you'll be sorry to hear. He's got appendicitis, they tell me, and he's likely to be away quite five or six weeks. Now *somebody's* got to look after the toy department in his absence, and *I* can't see to it—I'm much too busy!" He was annoyed at the bare thought. "But I'm going to give *you* a chance. You can have carte blanche. I'll judge you by results. Now don't stop and bother me. Go and make a start."

"And the salary?" inquired Kane easily.

Mr. Prosing glared at him. "The same salary as you're getting now. How can I tell what to pay you till you've proved to me what you can do?"

"True," agreed Kane. "The best arrangement, obviously, will be a commission on the increased turnover. Say five per cent."

"How do you know there'll be an increased turnover?" stormed Mr. Prosing. He was invariably not himself when dealing with this cool young man.

"I'm betting on it, anyway," said Kane; and pleasantly waited for a decision.

"All right," Mr. Prosing grumbled. "Five per cent. on anything over and above the highest month's turnover we've had."

* * *

Within the space of a few days the toy department at Prosing's Emporium underwent a striking metamorphosis. The news columns of the London papers bore eloquent testimony to the fact. Whenever a startling innovation is indulged in by any of the big stores, advertisement becomes cheap, for it is treated as news. The toy department at Prosing's Emporium was transformed into an evergreen bower. The paths wound intricately, forming an artfully contrived maze. Surprises confronted you everywhere. A cul-de-sac would land you in a miniature theatre where marionettes did wonderful things, or Punch and Judy played their immemorial tragedy. (For home use, complete, price £7 and £3 respectively.) Fairy lights peeped out from the oddest of corners. Dollies had houses in the tree-tops exactly like Peter's, which Wendy annually visits. Stalls were *non est;* you asked the little gnomes for anything you might like.

And up above was a gallery, where you could crowd on the rails and revel with wicked glee in the bewilderment of the lost below. Or if you were not quite so wicked, you could point the way out.

The shrieking and the laughter! The business that was done!

A few days later there was born a new toy in the world. The whole of one ground floor window was devoted to it. Mr. Prosing, happening on Dunlop Kane on the previous night when he was dressing the window in person, said: "Great Caesar's ghost, Kane! What on earth's this?"

They were all sizes. He picked one up.

"That's a Yahboo," answered Kane calmly.

"A-a-Yahboo?" He turned the thing about—a round brown-coated thing, with a white baboon's face painted on it, and most comfortable to the touch. Mr. Prosing squeezed it. To his surprise it was plastic. He moulded it mechanically into a potbellied little person with uneven legs.

"There you are," said Kane. "Any shape you like."

"Good Lord!" said Mr. Prosing. "But why *Yahboo?*"

"It's a baby's toy principally. Yahboo is baby tongue. *Yah* means 'give it me!' *Boo* says 'oh, you booty!' Hence Yahboo. Everything precious must have a name. Consequently Yahboo. I can see you like it. Try making something emaciated."

Mr. Prosing recollected his dignity, and frowned at a grinning assistant. "Won't it pull to bits?" he asked.

"Can't," said Kane. "Too fibrous and tough. A prepared gutta-percha."

"Humph!" said Mr. Prosing. He went home.

Yahboos were advertised. Yahboos boomed. Everybody talked of them. Everybody bought them. The term became a catch-word. Small boys shot the word at each other, convenient for derision. Fathers lipped it to their babes; babes crowed it back. But the crowning achievement of all was that memorable occasion when the Opposition rose *en masse*, and baptised Mr. Aspic with the epithet. They pointed at Mr. Blackmond. They yelled the allusion. Thereafter the phrase stuck.

Mr. Prosing, after nearly six weeks had passed, summoned Dunlop Kane to his room. He pushed over a cigar-box; he gestured him to a chair. Kane made himself comfortable, an embodiment of large-sized ease.

"Well?" said Mr. Prosing. "How much have you made?"

"I've lost," said Kane, "approximately seven hundred pounds."

"That's not bad. Including advertisement?"

"Including everything."

"Humph! I'm going to congratulate you."

"Thanks," said Kane enjoyably.

"Mr. Drapple is well again. I've just had a letter from him."

"I've been out to see him," said Kane. "He's a decent old chap. He's got the nicest of wives, and a regular little brood of kiddies."

Mr. Prosing contracted his brows. He seemed about to put a question—but thought better of it.

"I've decided," he said, "that we can dispense with Mr. Drapple for the future. Now don't you go making a remark in a hurry. Business is business. I've treated him well, and I shall give him a further three months' salary. But you're the man for his job. I never allow sentiment to affect me in matters of business."

"That would be all right," said Kane, "if it weren't for the interesting fact that Mr. Drapple invented the Yahboo."

"Eh?" said Mr. Prosing, staring.

"Fact," said Dunlop Kane, rather revelling in his lie. "He spoke to me about it long before he was taken ill, and I told him it was good, and we completed the thing together."

"Dear me," said Mr. Prosing.

"And to be perfectly candid, I am hardly very keen on his job. It would mean being restricted. I have done what I can, and it is going to pay handsomely. *Someone* must run the department; and who more trustworthy than the steady-going, reliable Drapple? I can come in with an idea occasionally to entitle myself to commission."

"Good gad!" said Mr. Prosing, in amazement at the other's audacity. He was silent for an interval, struggling to recover. "Commission to you, and salary to Mr. Drapple! . . . Oh, very well!"

(*To be continued.*)

DOWN WITH 'EM.

Suffragette Outrages Must be Stopped.

Mrs. Mary Leigh, recently released from Mountjoy Prison on considerations of health, wrote to a Suffragist meeting in Dublin that if Miss Gladys Evans were not also set at liberty within the next few days Mrs. Leigh would lead a march on the prison to get her out, and that "the issue would only be decided by victory or death." The letter could not be read because of the uproar at the meeting.

The disgraceful outrages—there is no milder name for them—perpetrated by the militant suffragettes have reached a point whence they must *not be* suffered to proceed further. We on *Modern Man* are affected with the utmost surprise at the fact that every other paper seems to take up a non-committal attitude with regard to these female criminal lunatics. *Modern Man* has no hesitation in declaring its attitude. We make the uncompromising assertion that the militant Women's Suffrage movement has got to be annihilated.

"Down with 'em!" is our motto.

Possible Laughing Stock.

Among other reasons, a very cogent one is that if we continue to allow women of a malign temperament to set at naught, as they are doing, the laws of the land, the British Constitution will become an absolute laughing stock among even the very least of the nations of the world.

Take, as the latest and most outrageous instance, the case of Mrs. Mary Leigh, the shameless woman agitator who has lately obtained her release from Mountjoy Convict Prison by the contemptible exploitation of the "hunger strike." This woman was sentenced at Dublin in August last to five years' penal servitude for attempting to set fire to the Theatre Roval in that city and also wounding Mr. John Redmond by throwing a hatchet into Mr. Asquith's carriage. On being imprisoned she refused to take her food, and eventually the authorities decided to release her. This has since been done; and a dangerous female law-breaker is now enjoying her liberty—to the public danger.

We use the latter words advisedly in view of a letter which Mrs. Leigh wrote to a Suffragette meeting, the gist of which letter is given at the commencement of this article. Now, this is the point—an outrageous one—against which we voice a protest of the utmost sternness.

Deliberate Sham.

The theatrical business which Mrs. Leigh indulged in on the occasion of her release from gaol, included an assumption of extreme feebleness, and the ceremony of being lifted from a taxi-cab into an invalid chair on arrival at the place at which she was to stay. At the time a Suffragette journal stated that Mrs. Leigh was "steadily sinking," and hinted that there was danger of her death.

And now, on the top of all this, we learn that this stricken invalid has made so speedy a recovery as to allow of her leading a march on the prison to get Miss Evans out, when "the issue will only be decided by victory or death!"

Surely no further proof is needed that her "serious condition" in Mountjoy Convict Prison was a deliberate sham.

Here we have a complete exposure of the entirely conscienceless methods of these women. They assert boastfully that while they play no part in the making of the laws they will break them, and suffer any penalties uncomplainingly. But they *do not* suffer those penalties, nor do they intend to. They certainly go to gaol. They have no option. But they know how to get out, and they do not scruple to use that knowledge. Thus the imprisonment of Suffragettes—as it is managed at present—is a farce. And the farce *must be* stopped.

There is only one way of doing this. There must be no pusillanimous remission of sentences by the Government. In a nutshell, we say that if a female convict refuses to take her food, let her go on refusing, until she dies, if need be. We must show such creatures that the British Government will not be trifled with.

No Loss to the Nation.

If one or two maniacal Suffragettes do die, the nation will suffer no loss. In fact, certain sections of it will enjoy a greater security of property and life. But the great point is that if this did happen, it would be a particularly effectual means of putting down the Suffragist outrages. We say with decision—insist sternly on the unconditional serving of complete sentences, and the militant Women's Suffrage movement will die a natural and speedy death.

OCEAN DISGRACE.

Too Many Aliens in British Ships.

The seaside season is practically ended, and one wonders how many people when watching the briny gave so much as a thought to the conditions of life aboard ships.

Home of the Seafarer.

I remember reading one day, on the Great Orme, at Llandudno, an assertion by the great Plimsoll's successor, Mr. Havelock Wilson, to the effect that, exclusive of Lascars and Asiatics, there are no less than 30,000 aliens aboard British ships—men to a man quite unable to even speak democratic English. Being up North recently, in the home of the seafarer, I made enquiries on the spot, which confirmed that scandal.

About the Tees and Tyne, the Wear and Mersey, one walks and hears any tongue save our own. In the open streets of Shields, and Hartlepool, and Sunderland, as in Bute Street, Cardiff, and the East of London, amazing numbers of un-English features can be seen any day, and these aliens manning our marine seem to be establishing an octopus-like monopoly boding harm to the welfare of the true blue salt of the type, say, of my own father—a simple, honest, God-fearing sailor man.

Our Best Life Blood.

Do the English, at the mercy of the ocean and these ships, even faintly realise what that means if it continues? What the effect will be on every hearth and home at a crisis of stress, menace, or war danger? What would these aliens care for us? We cannot say this is not our business, since all are members of one British family, and what affects the sailor shipping our food must directly concern ourselves as a people.

If ever the hackneyed words, "Wake up, England!" had point, they have here. The best life-blood of the seas is being bled away from us. Who can work badly fed? Whose spirit is not broken exposed to degradations? Some of the food given to the poorer tar is disgraceful.

As Mr. Moore, of the Imperial Merchant Service Guild, is reported to have said: "Conditions of sea life must be entirely revolutionised."

"Captain in Seven Years."

The scandal has a comical side, too. Sir Walter Runciman, at a meeting of the Newcastle Chamber of Commerce, is said to have declared that a sea life for boys offers "A splendid outlook. These boys," said the gallant Knight, "are well accommodated, well fed, and well trained under proper kindly discipline, and"—this is the tit-bit, where you laugh—"at the end of seven years each boy can rely upon occupying the position of captain."

The saying is so absurd one needs not labour the joke. The 15,000 captains and officers leagued in Mr. Moore's Guild do not tell the Knight's story, by a long chalk. Think, for instance, of the abominable two-watch system on cargo ships carrying two officers. One of these two men is on duty 15 hours a day!

PARLIAMENTARY A.B.C.

A are the Acts which the Government passes,
B Benefits which are reaped by the Masses?
C's for Conservatives, now out of power,
D Disestablishment—talk of the hour.
E is Election which candidates seek,
F is Free Trade, by the Tories thought weak.
G is for Guillotine, Balfour's invention,
H is Home Rule—which in Ulster don't mention.
I is Insurance Act—passed in a rush,
J is for Jobbery—but on that point—hush!
K is the Knighthood you get if you're good,
L's Labour Party, who'd rule—if they could.
M stands for Minister, also M.P.,
N is for Nationalists, who Ireland would free.
Q stands for Questions the Government fear,
R's remuneration (£400 per year).
S is the Speaker who sits in the Chair,
T is for Terrace, and tea they have there.
U is for Unionist (same thing as Tory),
V's Vote for which candidates "tell you the Story."
W are the Whips whose work oft is hard,
X is the mark voters put on their card.
Y are the Yells, at election time heard,
Z is for Zeal, for which Jobs are conferred.

ON THE BALL.

Football Notes and Forecasts.

Following their series of defeats—I am writing these notes after the match with Derby County—the "Spurs" are coming in for an enormous amount of adverse criticism, which, to say the least, is anything but sportsmanlike. Almost every football writer in the country seems to have seized on the misfortunes of the club as a suitable subject to write upon, and, to make things worse, the supporters of the club are already grumbling at their failure and predicting all manner of terrible things.

So Much Nonsense.

Now this is not only so much nonsense, but is an altogether wrong attitude to adopt. Neither the Directors nor players need any reminding that things are going badly—no one knows it better than themselves—and it will not help them out of their difficulty when they read articles slating them for their shortcomings, or hear that the supporters of the club are so early in the season beginning to shake their heads with an air of despondency.

It is quite true that there is a cloud on the horizon at present, but there is absolutely no reason why everybody should be taking such a gloomy view of things. There is nothing wrong with the team except that so far they have not shown the ability to combine that one naturally looks for from such a brilliant set of players, but this will not last long.

Dogged by Ill-Luck.

There is at least always one team in the League that is dogged by ill-luck at some period of the season, and the whole fact of the matter is that Tottenham are the victims of all that same ill-luck that there is about at present. Other teams have commenced the season in the same manner as the "Spurs," and yet have come through with flying colours, last year's champions being a case in point.

They did not begin their season anything like League toppers, yet when the end of the season arrived they had more points to their credit than any of their rivals.

Again, we might point to the Arsenal. They did not commence the present season any too well; in fact, they have been somewhat rocky for the last few years, but they have always won through, and so it will be at White Hart Lane. Just one more word, and that to the supporters of the club. Go in your thousands as before, and whether your favourites win or lose, give them the same hearty cheer as I have many a time heard, and you will find that you have done more good than all the criticism and advice in the country.

No Reason to Bewail.

Mention of the Arsenal reminds me that only a couple of weeks back I was bewailing the fact that I thought them a weak team and predicted another poor season for them.

How they gave me the lie at Brammall Lane is now a matter of history, but I do not mind this sort of thing, rather do I glory in the fact that I am wrong, and if the "Gunners" can display the same form throughout the season and prove me to be still further wrong, no one will be more delighted than myself. There's a reason—they're my local team.

So far my predictions have worked out fairly well, and I hope to have hit the mark again this week with some of the following.

HOME WINNERS.

ASTON VILLA.
MIDDLESBROUGH.
OLDHAM ATHLETIC.
HULL CITY.
SWINDON.

AWAY WINNERS.

WEST BROMWICH ALBION.
MANCHESTER CITY.
LEEDS CITY.
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE.

POSSIBLE DRAWS.

Chelsea and Sunderland.
Barnsley and Fulham.
Millwall and Northampton.

MY NOTE BOOK.

GREATER DEMAND THAN EVER.

Just as it can be said of football, "there are no signs of interest waning; in fact it seems to be more and more popular," I can certainly apply the same remark to the distribution of my complete shaving set. The rush for possession is greater than ever, and it has been found absolutely necessary to increase the staff engaged in packing and dispatching to all quarters of the globe the *Modern Man* razor, the fountain pen (which is frequently acknowledged by readers to be better than other makes on the market for which half-a-guinea or more is asked), the League and athletic badges.

A tremendous number of felicitous messages have come to hand this week. As for the realisation of my ambition, I am more than ever convinced that by the end of the year my permanent readers will exceed 500,000 weekly.

* * *

AN ELDER AND THE MORMONS.

Elder Philip C. Reynolds, of Bloxwich Road, Walsall, has again written me in reference to our determined onslaught on Mormonism, which has created such widespread interest and brought scores of letters wholeheartedly approving of our action.

I do not intend introducing into this column any personal comments on the subject—space will not permit—but as *Modern Man* wishes to be fair to all, I will let you hear what Elder Reynolds has to say:—

"I deny," he says, "the statement that polygamy is 'absolutely and literally' a binding obligation. It never was. On the other hand, parties contracting such marriages are liable to be excommunicated from the church, besides having to answer to such a criminal offence in the United States courts. The penalties for unchastity are the most severe in Utah, and are enforced with more rigidity than in any other community on earth.

"Salt Lake City is not a little hamlet ostracised from the world of civilisation, but is a great industrial centre, a centre of learning and music and the arts. Thousands of tourists annually pass through and admire its beauty and culture, only to go away and tell of the wonders of such a vast commonwealth in a desert.

* * *

THE DECLINING BIRTH RATE.

"S.W." (Oldham) believes in the declining birth rate as a sign of progress. "The working man," he says, "cannot afford nowadays to bring up six or seven children. He knows he can give two or three children a good start in life, but he cannot do justice to more.

"I go every week into many working-class homes, and I notice the change which is taking place. The most unthrifty and poverty-stricken homes are those crowded with children.

"It is a national evil that irresponsible people should be allowed to bring children into the world and yet not have any means to support them.

"The pessimists and the idealists who wish to see large families are generally those who have no children. Like most reformers, they speak from theory and not experience."

* * *

MESSAGE FROM INDIA.

From Lucknow, India, comes a letter, in which "H.F.," who is serving in the ... Hussars, stationed there, has something to say on the question of employment of soldiers in the Army Educational Schools.

"Scope in the Army," he says, "is very limited, as I will endeavour to show you. An Army Schoolmaster receives from four to five shillings per diem, with board, lodging and uniform thrown in, while a private soldier, even if he is in possession of an Acting Schoolmaster's certificate, may be employed as an assistant at the extra pay only of 6 annas 3 pie, or 1¼d. per diem. He will be appointed Acting Lance Corporal, which will cause him extra expense, and he requires the same amount of knowledge as a certificated teacher out of the Army.

"The consequence is that on return to duty he will be lacking in experience, especially if he is a cavalryman, and handicapped where promotion is concerned.

"Is this fair to Tommy Atkins?"

* * *

I am pleased to hear that a *Modern Man* club has been started in Lancaster, and shall have more to say upon the subject next week. Mr. Arthur Fitzsimmons is the secretary, and the club-house is 67, North Road.

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 12: MR. H. F. LE BAS.

The element of luck is not ridiculed by anyone. On the contrary, it is very much coveted.

"Better to be born lucky than rich" is a saying which can safely be said to have soothed millions at different times, and there is no gainsaying that there is a good deal of truth in the hoary maxim; but arising out of this point it is well to remember that to rank every brilliant success in life among the "in luck's way" would be as nonsensical as a man believing he could swim to Australia because the Channel has been crossed in this manner.

Properly applied, brains and business aptitude *must* count. Tenacity of purpose, influenced by sound judgment, very seldom fails. Brilliant accomplishments merit every publicity, if only for their incentive value.

Therefore, it is with the greatest pleasure that this week's *Modern Man* introduces to modern men Mr. H. F. Le Bas, of the Caxton Publishing Co., as a notable type of the modern man—a man who by sheer force of ability and perseverance has achieved great things in his particular line.

Mr. Le Bas first saw the light in Jersey forty-four years ago, and it was not until he was twenty-four that he determined to enter the publishing business, because for seven years he was serving in the ranks of the 15th Hussars.

His first connection with publishing was attained in the London office of Blackie and Sons, and during the time he was with the firm he became manager of their Manchester branch.

Mr. Le Bas returned to London from Manchester to make an enterprising move, and twelve years ago he started publishing on his own account, with a capital of £150. His profits for the year were encouraging, and it was then that Mr. Le Bas founded the Caxton Publishing Co. Its success due to the new publisher's great faith in advertising, was remarkable, and the Caxton Publishing Co.'s business has grown enormously every year since its inception.

To-day it represents a big amount of capital, has branches all over the country, and an organisation as elaborate as the machine that serves the average successful insurance company. It is the largest book-advertising concern in this country.

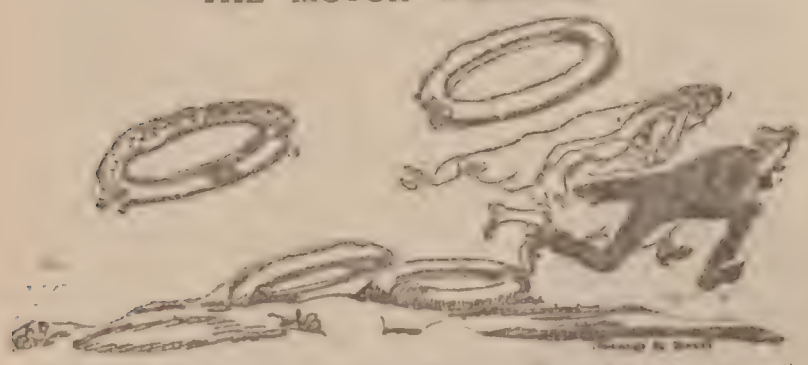
Apart from his association with the Caxton Publishing Co., Mr. Le Bas has many business and personal interests. He fills many social engagements, and is a keen golfer.

Facts for the Modern Woman.

Four times during the past twelve months a nurse at the Lewisham (London) Infirmary has lost her gold watch and chain while travelling, and each time they have been returned, twice by Scotland Yard and twice by the railway company. Something wrong somewhere.

* * *

THE MOTOR WEDDING.



Reviving the pretty custom of throwing old shoes after the bride and bridegroom.

* * *

Mrs. Langtry's "Clinker."

Lady de Bathe (Mrs. Langtry) has made a vain appeal to the Board of Agriculture for some relaxation of the quarantine regulations so that she may be accompanied during her approaching six months' theatrical tour in America by her terrier Clinker, which was presented to her by a Royal personage.

It is really too bad, but it is hoped that Lady de Bathe will not take it too much to heart.

* * *

The Latest!

It has been stated that a well known lady in society is having a dress made from natural serpent skin, which is to fit her like a glove. This reptile being about 12 yards long and 12 inches wide, one skin is enough for a dress.

The "serpent robe" promises us much amusement this season, as the very rich mondaines who alone can offer themselves this luxury are not all of sylph-like proportions.

* * *

Runaway Girls' Club.

Miss Helen Frick, the daughter of Mr. Henry Frick, the New York multi-millionaire, has started a quaint club for girls. It is called the Iron Rail Club—why, goodness only knows.

One of the rules of this remarkable institution is that whenever any of its members see a man, they must droop their eyes and run away.

We fancy that during the course of a constitutional along a crowded thoroughfare such as Broadway, the young ladies must come in for a considerable amount of athletic exercise.

Anyhow, we commend the idea to the members of the W.S.P.U., with the additional invitation that they should—whether they see a man or not—all run away and forget to come back again.

* * *

Underselling the Men.

To the question "Should Women do Men's Work?" there is something to be said for both sides.

In these days when the sexes appear to be changing places it is hard to say what really is woman's work and man's prerogative. I have known men who willingly do their wives' work. It may be, of course, their way of paying homage to the Divinity which doth hedge their particular woman; or it may be that Dame Nature made a mistake; but they wash the children, sweep and dust, and occasionally do the washing.

Many a woman keeps the home together because she does and can do a man's part in the world. If it is a case of one human being being as good as another human being I see no reason for sex to be taken into account.

Doing Several Men's Work.

But there is another side to the question. There are some women who are doing several men's work—not one man's. A sort of sweating that is not properly understood. For instance, a man advertises for a shorthand typist, we will say. He offers a tiny wage which can only be accepted by the girl living at home.

And what are the duties when the post is accepted? Those of a private secretary, a proof reader, a correspondence clerk, a book-keeper, long hours, and a breakdown in prospective! How many men's places is the girl filling? Bear in mind, nine times out of ten she has no proper training, but she muddles through, and the pay is microscopic!

Women have no right to undersell men's labour—whatever they may do in the case of their own work—that is where the unfairness to men comes in. But it is the unfairness, the moral dishonesty of the feminine sex that is to blame for this.

Ready for the Stable Yard.

And before woman is equal to man she will have to cultivate masculine thoroughness and fair play. There are some fields in which man still thought he worked supreme and alone—the stable-yard, for example. But one girl boldly announced her desire to compete with him there, advertising for a post to look after horses, in any capacity! Oh, let them ride astride if they must, but do leave the man his muck rake!

* * *

The Peeler Peacemaker.

Storm has given place to calm in a St. Louis household, and the domestic happiness is mainly due to the precepts of P.C. Patrick J. Egan, who was appointed by Judge Kimmel, of the Supreme Court, to act as peacemaker after an application for divorce by Mrs. Quan. Among these were the following:—

Don't remonstrate with your husband when he has been drinking. Wait until next morning. Then give him a cup of coffee for his headache. Afterwards lead him into the parlour, put your arms about him, and give him a lecture. It will have more weight with him than any number of quarrels.

If you must have your own way do not let your husband know you are trying to boss him. Have your own way by letting him think he is having his.

Dress to suit your husband's taste and income. Husbands usually don't like their wives to wear tight dresses. Consult him on these matters.

Patrick deserves a medal. He's already been given a gold watch.

* * *

WOMAN'S FORTE.

A Millinery Opening.

* * *

Man with Forty-Six Wives.

According to the recent census returns, out of 100,000 married men of the Bantu race, 516,607 have only one wife each, 69,846 have two wives, 14,538 have three wives, 4,164 have four wives, and so on, until we come to a solitary gentleman who has no fewer than 46 wives. All that the statistics tell us about this modern Solomon is that he is between 30 and 35 years of age, and lives in the Transvaal.

CONSCRIPTION IN THE COLONIES.

HORRIBLE REVELATIONS OF OPPRESSION AND SLAVERY!

I, Chinstrap, wish to call attention to the state of slavery and oppression existing in certain of our Colonies.

Perhaps the Colonies do not excite you. Perhaps you have no interests outside your particular cabbage patch. I do not think this is likely, you being a reader of *Modern Man*. But even if the Colonies seem a long way off, and no particular concern of yours, I fancy I have a tale of woe, of down-trodden, knout-driven Colonials that will wring your heart with anguish.

Breaking it Gently.

As gently as may be, let me break it to you that in Australia, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa compulsory military training, which, of course, is merely a euphemistic term for *Conscription*, is in full swing. Dreadful! Again, dreadful!

It shows what a sad mistake we made in giving these Colonies self-government when the first misuse they make of it is to grind thousands of our fellow-creatures under the wheels of the military juggernaut.

In Australia and New Zealand they are not content with demoralising the man—you know, of course, that conscription is utterly debasing in its effects—but begin by brutalising the boy.

Yes, my brothers and sisters, they take the poor little schoolboy of twelve and make a Junior Cadet of him. None save the physically unfit can escape the chains of the Junior Cadet.

If a boy does not go to school the military authorities invade his home and train him themselves.

The Australian conscript has ceased to be a man and has become a mere automaton that can drill and march, ride and shoot, manœuvre and mobilise, and take an effective hand in the defence of his home and his country if needs be.

Peculiarly Atrocious Features.

In passing I may mention some peculiarly atrocious features of the Australian system of conscription. You cannot evade service by declaring that the terms of your religion forbid you to carry arms.

The tyrannical Australian and New Zealand Governments say to the conscientious objector "O, all right, we don't want you to do anything against your religion. But there is no necessity for you to bear arms. You come and serve in the ambulance or some other non-combatant department." And the poor serf has got to do so. These "Governments (save the mark!) will not employ any man who evades service or fails to become "efficient." An employer who tries to prevent a boy or a man from attending to his military duties, or penalises him financially or in any other way for serving his country, is liable to heavy fines, and is "blacklisted" so far as obtaining Government contracts is concerned.

The Russian peasant is a free man compared with the Australian and New Zealander.

In Canada military slavery does not begin until eighteen, at which age every able-bodied male inhabitant is liable to serve in the Canadian Active Militia for three years, with a further period in the Reserve. It may sound incredible, but this liability endures until the Canadian is sixty years of age.

It is true that conscription in Canada exists to a great extent in name only. I don't know why, but the cold fact is that there are usually so many volunteers forthcoming for the Canadian Militia that there is no need to resort to the ballot for conscripts.

New Thing for Africa.

This, however, does not alter the fact that Canada recognises and, if necessary, enforces the brutal and degrading principle of compulsory military training for all except the unfit.

Conscription in South Africa is a new thing, but, there, it is not so very long since we gave South Africa self-government.

However, a scheme has now been established, the main and, to every lover of liberty, revolting features of which are:—

(1) Liability of every citizen between the ages of seventeen and sixty to render in times of war personal service in defence of the Union in any part of South Africa.

(2) Liability of every citizen to commence a course of military training not later than his twenty-first year and complete it in the fourth year from the year of commencement.

And we go and make an honorary general in the British Army of a man—one Louis Botha—who, if not the originator is certainly a consenting party to this monstrous scheme for depriving our kith and kin in South Africa of their indubitable right to refuse to do anything towards the defence of their country.

So, then, our four great self-governing Dominions have adopted conscription.

Their Downtrodden Bearing.

We saw some of the fruits of it in the Boer War, and those of you who at various times have seen colonial troops over here must have been painfully impressed by their downtrodden, shambling bearing. In fact, you could almost see the moral chains in which they are bound.

The difficulty is to see how we can free the enslaved overseas Briton. He has got self-government and he is not likely to let it go in a hurry.

We can but mourn his unhappy lot, and thank Heaven that we are not as he is.

However, there is a little ray of sunshine in the darkness. So long as Colonel Seely is Secretary of State for War we can sleep easy in our beds unhaunted by any nightmare of compulsory military training, as advocated by Lord Roberts, and other windbags with no practical experience of war.

Admiration for Independence.

Colonel Seely, again thank Heaven, has a whole-hearted admiration for that sturdy independence, that Kosciusko-like spirit of liberty which forbids the stay-at-home Briton to serve his country under compulsion, or, it would seem, for any other reason.

P.S.—To prevent possible misconception I beg to explain that the above article is "wrote sarcastick."

Lord Roberts again declared a few days ago that national service would be an influence for peace.

CHEEKY CROOKS.

Pin Thieves and Their Methods.

Two men were quietly removed from a London Music Hall the other night for an attempted theft of an extraordinary ingenious character. One on each side, they sat next to a visitor in the stalls wearing a conspicuously valuable scarf pin, the strange movements of which attracted the attention of an informant. Apparently of its own volition, the pin kept rising in irregular but continuous jerks, till it was almost freed from the scarf. What could be the explanation of a phenomenon so abnormal?

Each of the two men beside the wearer of the pin was smoking a cigarette, and round the little finger of each smoker was twined the end of a long horse hair. The middle of the long horse-hair was under the bulb of the pin. The arranged simultaneous movement of the two little fingers in the action of placing cigarettes to lips was lifting the brilliant ornament from its place.

The incident has reminded a racing reader of *Modern Man* of a little adventure of his own at a recent meeting.

"Yours for a Fiver!"

At the close of the principal race a worried looking stranger of nondescript appearance approached him in the vicinity of the grand stand and said: "I'll sell yer the finest di'mond scarf-pin you ever see for a few quid. I tell yer straight, it's worth abaht fifty of the best."

"Where is it?" at last asked our importuned correspondent. The other seized his coat-sleeve, and hastening him aside pointed to an opulently dressed old "sport" in earnest talk with a group of companions. In the tie of the old gentleman glittered a diamond pin.

With his fingers stretched straight towards the jewel, the "stony broke" hoarsely whispered:

"That's the pin, guv'ner—you shall have it for a fiver!"

SECRETS OF SALT LAKE CITY.

INSIDE THE "ENDOWMENT HOUSE": GHASTLY "MIRACLE-PLAY."

Since I shook the dust of the accursed spot from my feet (continued Mr. Wm. Jarman), other "Temples" for the celebration of the blasphemous and obscene rites and ceremonies of Mormonism have been built in Salt Lake City, but in my time the Endowment House and the Temple of St. George were the only two—in fact, the latter was only finished at about the time I "finished" with the Church of "Latter Day Saints" for ever, and I never entered the building.

Very Sacred Place.

It is asserted that within it a more immoral ceremony is gone through than I witnessed, and will describe, in the Endowment House; but anything worse is not easily thinkable. This, however, I do know, that not even *Modern Man*, for all its fearlessness when good is to be done by "plain speaking," could publish my narration *in extenso* and unrevised—you will have to leave out parts or "tone them down." (*This we have found to be the case.—Ed. M.M.*)

In some of its features, and as regards its purpose of the further initiation of converts, I found that the Endowment House corresponded with a secret lodge of Freemasonry, but I hasten to say that I only mean to imply the resemblance of an imitation, "in parts," of phraseology and form.

Certain papers being necessary for admission, I was considered eligible for these four months after reaching Salt Lake, but sometimes it takes years to get them.

In anticipation, the House was represented to me, as to all others, as "a very sacred place," where I was "to learn the ways of the Lord more perfectly."

It took nine hours to go through all the rites and ceremonies, grips, signs, oaths, covenants, obligations, and filthiness—to a large extent I must confine myself to the central performance.

Certificate of Worthiness.

About a hundred of us entered together at seven o'clock in the morning—say, forty men and sixty women. Each candidate had been instructed to bring a flask of olive oil, and to carry also the following articles—the men, a clean white shirt, a pair of white socks, a white linen robe as a "wedding garment"—somewhat after the style of the ancient loose, flowing Eastern robe—a linen sash, linen turban, a pair of white linen moccassins, and a "fig-leaf apron"; this being a square of green silk, with nine fig-leaves worked into it with brown grass. The women, a white under-garment, a white bedgown, white stockings, white cap with long veil depending from it, sash, moccassins, fig-leaf apron, of the same description as that of the men's, and the "Endowment" or "wedding garment"; to this much significance and importance being attached.

We first presented in turn to the officiating priest the certificate of worthiness and fitness that each had had to obtain from the Bishop. These papers scrutineered and checked, and particulars entered, we were ushered into an apartment furnished with a bathing place, and instructed to disrobe. I was the first to enter the bath, where the high-priest was standing to receive me.

Anointed with Oil.

Laving my head, and passing his hand over my forehead, he uttered words "washing away" all unholy thoughts that had entered my mind. Then he laved my eyes, saying, "I wash away all that you have ever beheld of iniquity." So with my lips and my mouth—"I cleanse you from all the evil you have ever said." Similarly he passed from my ears to my hands, arms, breast, and every other part of my whole body, right down to, and including, the soles of my feet.

Another priest—of the Aaronic order—now anointed every part with oil, beginning with my head, saying, "I anoint your head that for the future nothing but holy thoughts shall occupy your mind": and continuing, ". . . your eyes that you may turn them away from beholding vanity and evil," . . . . . "your mouth that you may always speak the words of truth and righteousness"—and so on. Having bade me don my wedding garment, he whispered in my ear my "new name, which no man knoweth, saying he that receiveth it."

In a Darkened Room.

When all had gone through the two-fold process, we were conducted into a darkened room, where we seated ourselves on the bare floor. Over the wedding garment that everybody wore, the women wore now one other garment, and the men a white shirt. Thus disposed and thus attired, we were told that we represented "the sons of God which sang together at the Creation"—for a ghastly kind of miracle-play was about to begin.

We heard in the darkness a muttered conversation between "Gods," or the Persons of the Godhood, arranging for the making of the world and man, very much in the manner and sequence of the Mosaic account. When "Let there be light" was declaimed, the light that was turned on revealed, as "characters" in the further blasphemy to follow, the figures of men representing Jehovah (under two of His Hebrew names), Christ, archangels, and angels. "Let us make man in our own image, after our own likeness, and let him have dominion over all these our works," was the prelude to the appearance of "Adam," who presently imitated the "deep sleep" in which Eve was formed from Adam's body. Here the congregation were called on to join in the acting, being told to stretch themselves in slumber also.

On our arising, Eve had joined Adam.

"The Garden of Eden."

We passed into a room called the Garden of Eden, the ceilings frescoed with stars and clouds, the walls painted with trees and shrubs, stands containing growing green bushes heightening the effect.

The devil entered. The scene of the temptation of Eve followed, Adam being absent. . . On Adam's return . . . "the woman tempted him, and he did eat."

Here an explanation is necessary. On the occasion at which I was actually present, verisimilitude did not go beyond the presentation and acceptance of a literal apple. But other witnesses of these orgies have most solemnly declared, in words spoken and words printed—in words unevasive and unequivocal—that, in their experience as spectators, actual immorality has taken place, in full view: at times between Satan and Eve, at other times between Adam and Eve.

Deliberate Variation.

Now, I say deliberately that such discrepancies as there are in the accounts of the few of us who have seen and who have revealed, are deliberately arranged discrepancies—that is to say, that in view of the horrible secrets of their "Endowment House" ever being dragged into the light—as several of us have dragged them, at peril of our lives — the Mormon authorities arranged to vary the details of the proceedings from time to time, so that no two reports should ever be likely to agree in every particular. When the time came they sought, as they still seek, to discredit all because none was precisely the same, perhaps, as any other. This specious artifice fails them. In the circumstances, such discrepancies as there are, are a proof of individual veracity, a refutation of any possible charge of collusion.

The Women's Veils.

I have mentioned the veils of the women. Up to the point I have reached, no woman had let fall her veil. All had seen all. Only once had the women to shroud their eyes. And that was later on—for I have more to tell. I wish I hadn't, considering what it is.

(To be continued.)

The sum of £5c has been put on the Government estimates of Western Australia to make a trial of International Correspondence School trailing with prisoners, under a system corresponding somewhat to that carried on by the Reformal Association.

"How Can I Make More Money?"

How often have you asked yourself this question? This article shows a possible answer for every man engaged in business in any position or capacity.

WAS there ever an ambitious man who did not want to know how to make more money? And after all, it is only the ambitious who really succeed, so that you will be a rare exception if you have not often asked this question yourself.

The Stock Exchange requires capital to be risked. Racing is a "mug's game," and the much advertised "Home Employment" is usually the drudgery of addressing interminable envelopes. What way then is there by which you can be sure of making more money?

One Sure Way of Making Money.

There is only one sure way—and that is by improving your business position by the simple process of increasing your business knowledge and making yourself indispensable to your employers. For unless you are a very rare brilliant exception there is much that you still can learn about business. If you doubt it just ask yourself these questions.

Is there *nothing* you could learn from Richard Burbidge, the Managing Director of Harrod's Stores; or from H. G. Selfridge, founder of Selfridges, Ltd.? Could not S. F. Edge, the famous expert in making and selling motor cars, help you to solve *any* of your problems? Would you not be glad to be able to go for advice to A. W. Gamage, who built his business from a little one-man shop to its present huge dimensions? Or to John Lawrie, Managing Director of William Whiteley, Ltd.? Or to Sir Joseph Lyons?

How You can have their Help.

Yet all these men, and many others, have helped to compile a book specially to provide this knowledge. That book is the "Business Encyclopædia," the work that MODERN MAN describes as "probably the most valuable work that any business man could have," and that for you may make just the difference between the mediocre so-called success that any hard-working man can attain, and the brilliant career that comes to few. We do not claim that the "Business Encyclopædia" will bring you success "lying down," but thousands of men to-day are *proving* that the "Business Encyclopædia" is a priceless boon to the man who wishes to get on.

Do You Wish to be a Failure?

If *you* wish to get on, and will use it aright, it will be a priceless boon to you. Its possession is almost as if you had behind you, helping you with advice and pushing you up the ladder of success, many of the most successful business men of the day. For the men who have written the "Business Encyclopædia" are practical men and enormously successful men. No matter what business you are in, however uncommon or intricate, you will find that your branch is treated, and treated by an expert.

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A Cashier's Opinion—Mr. L. C. HORSLEY, Marlborough Road, Ipswich:—

"I find it of the greatest possible assistance to me in my work as cashier to one of the largest manufacturing companies in East Anglia. I am only sorry there were not such valuable sources of information years ago. It would have saved me hours of work."

It is only because over 60,000 firms and business men are already using the work that we are able to offer to deliver it to any reader of MODERN MAN for a first payment of 1s. 6d. only, the balance being paid in small monthly payments, while you are already using and benefiting by the work. But signing this coupon does not cost you anything.

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

Stationary Running.

Last week I recommended "Shadow Fighting," or boxing. This week, as a direct change from the footwork required in boxing, we will take Stationary Running. A simple, free exercise, but excellent for the legs and "wind," and possessing the dual merit of reducing a fat stomach but developing and strengthening weak stomach muscles, which not infrequently are a source of stomach and bowel troubles. Stationary running is particularly good for sprinters, such as football forwards and boxers, among athletes, and for all men who lead sedentary lives, or are tending to put on unnecessary flesh.

Instructions.

Standing in the position of "attention," rise on the toes and then raise first the right knee and then the left knee about as high as the waist, so that the heel of one leg comes just above the inside of the knee of the other. You must keep on the toes all the time, and the hands should be held and worked as if you were actually sprinting. When your muscles have grown accustomed to this exercise—it will probably tire them at first—you may with advantage hold a dumb-bell or other weight in each hand. The weight, whatever it be, should not be less than 10lbs. or more than 20lbs. Five minutes of Stationary Running is quite enough at a time, and it should not be practised more than three times a week.

Value of Relaxation.

I refer to relaxation of the muscles not to amusement or recreation. I am convinced that many followers of physical culture do themselves harm by not properly relaxing the muscles between movements when exercising.

The value of any physical exercise depends largely on the complete alternate contraction and relaxation of the muscles employed. To keep a muscle taut for any considerable time is to do it and yourself far more harm than good Thus, when using an expander it is most important that before repeating a movement you should see that the cords or strands of the expander have been allowed to go absolutely slack, so that your muscles are not pulling against them or the expander against you.

Of the Mind.

Similarly, the mind should be thoroughly relaxed between movements of one exercise or one exercise and another. As I have often pointed out, to derive the full benefit from physical exercises they should be performed in dead earnest and with plenty of "devil" and go. In other words, your mind and will should be concentrated on the business in hand. Such concentration, however, is very exhausting when long continued without a break, and the object of your exercises is *not* to exhaust you mentally or physically, but to stimulate both your mind and body.

Therefore, when exercising, brief and frequent mind rests are just as important as brief and frequent muscle rests. During an interval let your mind go slack or blank. Try to think of nothing at all. Don't worry about how you did the last exercise, how you are going to do the next one. You will find these "mind rests" wonderfully beneficial.

Indeed, I am perfectly certain that the average man of to-day does not give his mind sufficient rest. If he is physically tired he will take a rest as a matter of course. If he is mentally tired he may "chuck" the work in hand, but only to exercise his mind in some other direction—reading, playing, talking, etc. Certainly there is much virtue in a change of occupation as a form of relaxation, but the point I wish to make is the need for an occasional period of absolute relaxation of the mind.

I have a friend, an extremely busy clergyman, who ascribes the fact that he is able to get through the work he does without breakdown to his inflexible habit of taking a daily "mind-bath," as he calls it. He doesn't snooze or go to sleep, but he shuts himself up and for about twenty minutes allows his mind to go "dead," blank as a prison wall.

Answers to Correspondents.

Z.V. (Hunslet).—I am sorry, but the treatment of paralysis is entirely beyond my province. I always try never to interfere with doctor's work.

W.F. (Liverpool),—Yours is a difficult case. I can only recommend you to live as much in the open air as possible, to eat plain, nourishing food, to avoid alcohol (except a little good red wine) and to cut off tea, coffee, and tobacco altogether. Cold baths, provided they agree with you, might be beneficial. If you have not already got a hobby, try to cultivate one, more particularly an outdoor one, such as gardening, geology, botany. You might find Fellowes' Syrup of Hypophosphites beneficial, but you should not take it except with the approval of your doctor. I do not know of any special physical exercises that would meet your case. What you want above all, is an outdoor life.

"HARRIER" (Swansea).—The pain about the ankles may be due to uric acid. Get a chemist to make you up a lithia mixture and see how it acts. It can't do you any harm. On the other hand, the condition may simply be due to some weakness of the ankles. This might be relieved by wearing elastic socks. Write to me again in a week or two.

"ARNOLD" (Clarkston).—Sorry, but I cannot keep on telling the thin how to put on flesh, so must refer you to MODERN MAN for week before last.

J.A.K. (Croydon).—Says that although he practises deep breathing morning and night, his chest expansion does not improve. Probably because he breathes superficially at other times. Occasional deep breathing does little good by itself. Its real use is to get the subject into the way of breathing deep at all times, but he must co-operate by always trying to remember to avoid shallow breathing.

R.S. (Northampton).—The beginner at walking should commence with *road* work, and stick to it until he can do ten miles in 100 minutes. Then let him take to the track, and try to cover ten miles in 85 minutes. This applies to training of walks for about ten miles. For shorter distances he must go quicker, both on road and track. Thus if he is aiming at 4-mile record, he should practise on the road until he can do 4 miles in 34 minutes, and then try to do the four on the track in 29 minutes.

N.C. (Catford).—Exercises with Indian clubs and "grip" dumb-bells are particularly good for sprint swimmers.

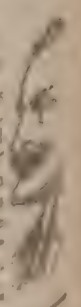
C.N.D. (Dulwich),—My own favourite remedy for an "autumn" cold is a tablespoonful of real Jamaica rum in a tumbler of *hot* milk. To be taken when you are between the *blankets*, not sheets.

"TORTURED." (Sheffield).—Neuritis is often extremely obstinate and difficult to cure, and should be treated by a doctor only.

(MISS) E. G. (Hampton Court).—Women are now excluded from the dangerous processes in the manufacture of white lead.

"PARSON" (Stroud Green).—There is no permanent cure for "clergyman's sore throat," except to remove the cause, which, without wishing to be rude, is defective elocution.

GET GREATER GRIT.



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ON THE ROAD!

Cycle Notes and Bargains.

Our Free Exchange Bureau, established for the exchange, sale and purchase of motor and pedal cycles, continues to be widely appreciated, and the only stipulation which is made in connection with it is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed in next column.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

Care of an Engine.

Proper and efficient lubrication is without doubt the most important item in the care of an engine, and there are two points to observe if this is to be obtained. The first is to see that one uses only the particular brand of oil recommended by the makers of the machine; and secondly, that the charges of oil are given at the correct intervals.

The best method of ascertaining this is to give charges of oil at regular intervals, say, half a pumpful every eight miles, and then after a run of about 75 miles drain off the oil from the crank case and carefully examine it, comparing it with a fresh sample.

Should the oil appear thin and very dirty it is very evident that the machine is being under-lubricated; if, on the other hand, the used oil appears good in quality the engine is getting more oil than it needs, and the charges can be reduced accordingly.

By this method one can easily obtain correct lubrication, thus adding many a mile to the life of the machine.

Winter Riding.

Winter riding is naturally not so enjoyable as summer riding, but there is nothing to warrant the general putting by of machines that takes place at the time of the year when the leaves begin to fall.

A couple of good non-skid tyres and a slightly lower gear will go a long way towards preventing side-slips; a little attention to the mudguarding and perhaps an additional shield or so will obviate incessant cleaning. Next a really powerful lamp for night riding; and lastly, if contemplating purchasing overalls, remember that oilskins, although not very beautiful to look it, are very serviceable indeed.

The Rear Light Query.

Apropos of the paragraph we gave last week on the Cheshire County Council's new by-law, an advocate of rear lights for bicycles confesses that he has discovered one disadvantage in the rearward gleam.

As a cyclist, he finds that motorists can locate him so accurately that they are able to follow the daylight practice of cutting him as closely as possible, and, to give himself a little more elbow room, he has to seek refuge in the gutter, running the risk of fouling the grass margin in the dark.

We, ourselves, are of the opinion that rear lights are of little use, as motorists can make out the form of the cyclist quite as soon as they notice the rear gleam.

MOTOR CYCLES.

J.A.P., 5 h.p. Torpedo sidecar, adj. pulley, good tyres, grand condition. Bargain £25. —Motor, Box 56, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Premier, 3½ h.p., 1910½ Excellent condition, lamp and accessories. Spare ex. valve, belt, and B.E. tube. £25.—Motor, Box 57, "Modern Man" (as above).

Moto-Reve, 1911, 2¾ h.p., twin, magneto, Lucas lamp, Clincher tyres. £15.—Motor. Box 58, "Modern Man" (as above).

Minerva, 2 h.p., M.O.V., new tyres, tube, good condition. £5 10s. —W. Moore, Station Read, Quorn, Leicestershire.

Quadrant, 3½-h.p. B. and B., Clincher and Bates H.B.C., fast and powerful; sacrifice £11.—Williams, Vale View, Llanrwst.

2-h.p. motor cycle; a bargain; running daily; owner, no room. £4 10s.—Marthy, 14, Warren Road, Leyton, E.

Rudge and Sidecar, May, 1912. Two speed, free engine, lamp, speedometer, spares, £50.—Motor, Box 59, "Modern Man," (as above).

CYCLES.

New-Hudson, 3-speed, 25-inch, 26 Dunlops, Brooks, North Road Reversible. £3 10s. —Chas. Reardon, 74, Mildmay Grove, N.

Lady's Cycle, Eadie coaster, and front rim brakes. Good strong machine.—Coe, 43c, Grand Parade, Harringay, N.

Gent's Cycle, Eadie fittings, good tyres, free wheel. £2 5s.—T. Parkinson, 1, Subsey Street, Lancaster.

Royal Enfield, Gent's. in splendid condition. £2 5s.—Cycle, Box 26, "Modern Man" (as above).

Readers will oblige by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

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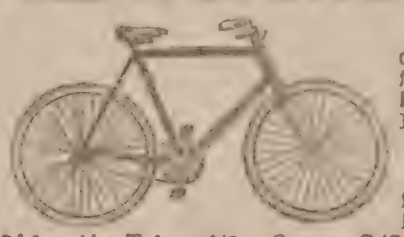

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MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

THE LEAGUE BADGE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League Badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms, and at the following prices.

OUR ATHLETIC BADGE.

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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Please enrol me as a Member of MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Very little difference occurred in prices during the last account, and although there was not a great deal of business doing, on the other hand, prices remained remarkably firm.

* * *

This is an excellent sign, and one can confidently anticipate that prices will go higher all round, with more business knocking about.

* * *

And it is quite on the cards that we shall see a good deal more business during the next month, as quarter day is now past, when many options were falling due, so, with this out of the way, I look for prices to advance, and especially in the Rhodesian market.

* * *

Home Rails have been quiet, but firm, and with the new account opening well, substantial advances should be seen in my favourites, viz. :—Districts, South Eastern Deferred, little Chats, and I now add to the list Great Central Preferred.

* * *

This line has been making big progress of late, and over the ten weeks of the current half-year the total increase published is £113,500, or, say, £130,000, allowing for under publication.

The opening of the new Immingham Docks must give an impetus to the traffic which should be derived from this source.

* * *

You should buy now Great Central Preferred at about 32, for a sure profit of two or three points.

* * *

Although many of my readers are still itching to have a deal in Mexican Rails, I still strongly advise them to steer clear of this market, which is in a very dangerous position. The revolution in Mexico is more deep-seated than many think.

* * *

Grand Trunks, which I have consistently recommended, have been quite buoyant during the last two or three days, and the total traffic increase for the week ending Sept. 21st, £17,772, is distinctly good.

* * *

For the half-year to date an aggregate increase of £222,778 is shown.

* * *

Another lively market has been Peruvian Prefs., but I do not recommend dealings here.

* * *

Among Industrials, Cements have continued strong, but I rather advise readers to sell than buy at present prices.

* * *

Marconi old shares have been offered lately, and are likely to go much lower. You should read my article on another page about Marconis.

* * *

Rubber shares have remained very quiet after their burst of activity two or three weeks ago.

* * *

Despite this, I can still recommend my readers with every confidence, Dolok Rubber and United Sumatra.

* * *

You can buy as many as you like of each of these shares with perfect safety.

* * *

If you have any difficulty in dealing through want of the name of a broker, write me, but on no account have anything to do with bucket shops.

* * *

I have only this week received particulars from a reader who has been absolutely done out of £150 through one of these outside concerns.

* * *

Oil Shares are showing decided signs of hardening, and the long looked-for boom cannot be much longer delayed.

* * *

One more significant sign of how Oil is coming into request, is that one of the battleships in this year's programme is to be constructed to burn oil, of which liquid fuel she will carry a supply of 2,700 tons.

* * *

In addition, all the more modern British battleships have had their furnaces constructed to burn oil as well as coal, and some 60 of our destroyers and 36 torpedo boats are constructed to burn it in their furnaces, and carry no coal.

Oil is the great industry of the future, and my readers will be well advised if they invest as much of their money as they possibly can in this market.

* * *

I shall be pleased to advise readers the shares to buy and the name of a reliable broker to deal with, if necessary.

* * *

Despite the quietude of the last fortnight, Rhodesian Land and Minerals have held remarkably firm, and any of my readers still so inclined who have not already purchased some of these shares, I recommend to do so now.

* * *

Again, readers will be pleased to learn, especially those who have already purchased, that remarkable progress is being made in the Rhodesian Central Mining Co., Ltd.

* * *

I want you all to have a hand in this Company, even if you have only £5 to £10 to invest, as I am personally satisfied that all purchasing these shares will see a handsome return for their money.

* * *

Casey Cobalt shares, which I strongly recommended to my readers as a market tip for £8, but safe for £5, had a substantial rise last week.

* * *

On the slightest reaction I advise you to get in, as the report to hand from the mine last week was of an extremely satisfactory nature.

* * *

Tin shares show signs of waking up, and no wonder, with the price of tin at £227 10s. per ton.

* * *

Rayfield are the most promising share in this market, but a purchase of Kelli, Bauchi Ord., or Jos Tin should bring good return to those getting in now.

* * *

Among Egyptians I still advise Delta Land, Egyptian Investments, and United Egyptian as good for a rise.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

S. E. (Oxford).—The present quotation for Rhodesian Central is 1½ per share. You had better send me your instructions at once.

H. H. (Surrey).—The market talks little Chats much higher. They are a fair gamble, but you would do much better in buying Districts.

H. P. (Edinburgh).—Buy Metropolitan Districts for a 3 point rise, and sell your Premier Oil and Pipe Line.

C. A.—I cannot recommend Merlimau. Why not buy some Dolok Rubber and United Sumatra, which I recommend in my notes.

S. H. (Balham).—Associated Newspapers are worth holding and also the Amalgamated Press Ordinary.

G. W. (Leeds).—I should sell your British Burma and buy Maikop Pipe Line.

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WHAT "MARCONI'S" ARE WORTH.

How the Shares Have Been Worked.

I have promised readers this last week or two information about Marconi shares, and I will now try and justify my remarks that the shares are not worth more than £2 apiece at the outside. The capital of the Company is one million pounds, and its general assets consist mainly of shares in subsidiary companies.

On December 31st last the Board valued them at £508,523. Stocks, works, plant and stations at £222,664. Cash and loans £119,871; and debtors £198,426.

Very little information is given in the profit and loss account, but a net balance of profit of £141,717 was shown, out of which the 20 per cent. dividend was paid. An interim dividend of 10 per cent. for this year was declared. It is therefore quite clear the company divided up to the hilt, which is bad.

Marconi shares have been well worked on the market by the jobbers, with the support of those holding large blocks of the shares.

It would be very difficult for anyone to say what is the intrinsic value of any of the Marconi companies, especially the outsider, as no one knows what they earn or what the subsidiaries earn, and the accounts tell us nothing.

When a person is asked to pay £5 or £6 for a £1 share he likes to know something about the Company, or how the dividend is earned, but with Marconis this seems impossible. It has been stated that in May last the International Company had fitted 1,200 ships upon which the net profit would be about £100 per ship per annum, and perhaps by the end of the year more ships will have been fitted, but the point is, how is this profit divided? How much does the International get? and how much goes to the parent company?

There is no patent in "wireless," and Germany, France and America do not recognise any master patent. This means that Marconi has to rely solely on their name and the trade that they can create and hold by being one of the first in the field.

To get at profits, assume that 1,200 ships are bringing a revenue of £100 per annum, which gives £120,000. Then there is the English-Canadian service, which handled about 1,000,000 words last year at slightly under 4d. per word, say, £15,000. The net profit on this being about four to five thousand pounds. Then again, with the scheme now before the House of Commons, but not yet passed, which provides for six stations at £60,000 each, on which the profit would be about £15,000 per station, and six more stations are arranged but not yet known to the public. Here the profit would be about £90,000 to those agreed, and a further £90,000 to those to be settled. But spreading this over about four years it would represent some £45,000 per annum.

Taking everything into consideration, and allowing for expanding trade in the word business, which is hardly profitable, I do not see that the Company can earn at the outside more than about £200,000 per annum. Last year the expenses at Marconi House were over £73,000, and this year they may be more like £100,000. I, therefore, cannot see, allowing for other arrangements that may be concluded and word expansion in the "wireless" business, that the net profits can be more than £100,000 to £150,000 for the year 1912, despite the profit above referred to for the last year, which may include many sums that we wot not of. This being the case Marconis are an absolute gamble at the present price, and I consider I am justified in saying that the shares are not worth a fraction more than £2 per piece, for in any industrial concern where shares stand at double the par value one should at least be able to get a return of 10 per cent.; but in a concern like this, where one practically relies upon their name, and their name only, it is very speculative.

Competition is fast coming along. The Universal Cheap Cables Company, owners of the Johnson-Varley system, are likely to prove very dangerous competitors. Extensive experiments are said to have been carried out with very satisfactory results. Again, with the Poulsen system, which the German Navy has adopted, and the Canadian Government have agreed to subsidise to the tune of £15,000 a year to erect stations in Canada. The Poulsen people claim that they can send 100 words per minute with less expenditure of electrical energy than the Marconi system, and that the messages cannot be broken up by interposing waves. Further, there is the Galletti system, which is being adopted by the French Government.

The British Government, being aware of the various wireless systems, some of which may be infinitely better than the Marconi system, should think a lot before ratifying the scheme now before the House of Commons.

The Marconi agreement has not yet been concluded with the British Government, and may never be, but much has been made of same as a bull point on the Stock Exchange, when the shares were being pushed up to £10 per piece, and when a very great number of the British public were drawn in.

The present price of Marconi shares in the parent company is about 5¼, and I advise all my readers who can to sell at this price whilst they have the opportunity.

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THE WEEK'S RACING.

By "The Old Hand."

The Racing Editor will wire the best thing he knows each day for 5s. weekly, or will send a single message for 1s. Selections will be wired overnight for the benefit of readers who cannot deal with mid-day messages.

I am told that my original fancy for the Cesarewitch, Jackdaw, is not at all likely to stand a preparation for the race, hence it becomes necessary to pick something else as the probable winner.

Since writing my last notes we have had a public trial of four horses that are engaged in this race, and before these notes appear in print we shall have seen another and more important; I refer to the Newbury Autumn Cup.

Trial at Windsor.

The trial we have already seen was at Windsor, where Irish Marine simply played with his opponents. As to what chance he has for the long distance race at Newmarket I am not prepared to say, as he has a slightly cracked heel, and complications might arise which would prevent him going to the post. Lady Eileen, in the same stable, is, I am told, not certain to run, and I pass the information on to my readers for what it may be worth.

Although I do not like to be wrong in my statements, I rather hope I shall be in this case, as if what I have written above proves correct, we shall miss three that would get the distance, and goodness knows there are few enough of them in the race. Of those trained at Netheravon, Major Symons has already been backed, but Ultimus is in different interest, so that the backing of the first-mentioned animal has no bearing on the intentions of those connected with the two horses.

An Extraordinary Story.

There appears to be some doubt as to whether Ultimus can stand the necessary preparation for his engagement, but if he comes through all right, and is fancied on the day, he will very nearly win.

I cannot advise that he should be backed yet, but if he goes to the post, it will not be wise to leave him out. I am told an extraordinary story in connection with one horse lower down in the handicap, but until I get confirmation I prefer to set it aside. If what I hear eventually turns out to be true, I have not the slightest doubt what will win the race, and there I must leave it for the time being, and get on with the more important business of the moment, which is trying to name a winner or two for this week.

Selections :—

BIRMINGHAM—Monday.

Handicap Plate: SCION.
Guernsey Welter Handicap: JOTA.
Burton Nursery Handicap: VINILLA.
Tamworth Plate: WANONO.

NEWMARKET—Tuesday.

First Nursery Handicap—SIPHONIA.

Wednesday.

Newmarket October Handicap: WILLAURA.
Great Eastern Railway Handicap: MAHSUD.

Thursday.

Thursday Nursery Plate: CHEROKEE ROSE.
A Welter Handicap: DORANDO.

Friday

A Handicap: OUTRAM.

LINGFIELD PARK—Saturday.

The Pheasant Handicap: BALBLAIR.

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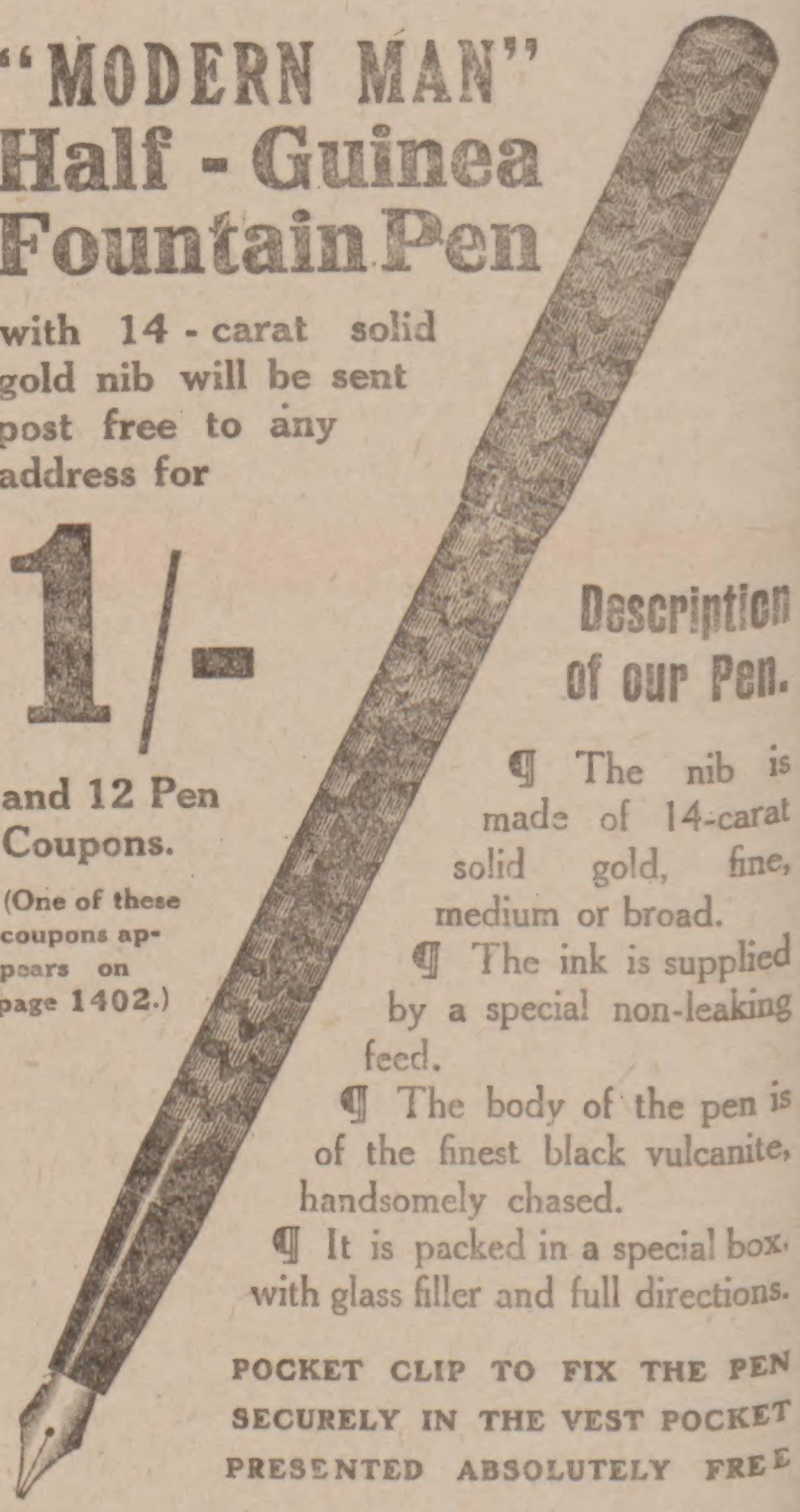

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS

COATS AND ANNO DOMINI.

Continuing our investigations into dressing according to your age, we come this week to coats, and naturally enough begin with overcoats. For the middle-aged and elderly there is nothing to beat the dark grey or blue cloth coat with velvet collar.

The ulster overcoats, so popular last winter, were, as a rule, distinctly ageing to men past their youth.

Here I may enunciate the general principle that the older you get the less can you afford any suspicion of "sloppiness," or carelessness in your attire.

The young can sport ulsters, *neglige* shirts, and so on, but their elders no.

On the other hand, there is one coat that is becoming to the man of years, hopelessly unbecoming, as a rule, to youth. I refer to the fur coat.

A young man must be tall and have singular distinction if he is to look well in a fur coat—certainly in England.

So far as that goes, any little man, whatever his age, is apt to look either ridiculous or a "Hoggenheimer" in a fur coat.

It takes "presence" to carry off a fur coat successfully.

THE YOUNG MAN'S OVERCOAT.

A young man may wear almost any kind of overcoat, bar fur. For light wear "slip" coats, such as the Newbury slip, suit him very well. For winter wear he is safe with the usual dark coats with velvet collar, but they are somewhat sombre for him.

A popular coat this winter will be made of coloured cloth, preferably brown, with velvet collar same colour as cloth. I can strongly recommend this style of winter overcoat, which is shaped to the waist, to my younger readers, with less confidence to my older ones. I should have mentioned a type of overcoat to be avoided by men of all ages.

This is the opera coat or cloak lined with red silk or satin. Unthinkable! I dream of it whenever I have nightmare.

Mention of the opera reminds me that I have a correspondent to answer, so we will leave further consideration of dress for all ages until next week.

THEATRE "DRESS."

My friend inquires whether it is necessary to "dress" for the dress circle of a theatre.

It rather depends on the theatre. The general rule, however, is that you need not "dress" except for the first two or three rows of the dress circle. The information is usually printed on the ticket. It would be distinctly bad form and extremely snobbish to "dress" for the upper circle or pit.

If you "dress" for the theatre, don't go in a dinner jacket. Wear your swallow-tail coat and a white tie.

CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU.

A.B.C. (Altrincham).—You might try Messrs. Chappell and Co., London, W.

K.L. (New Cross).—Various firms advertise envelope addressing in the daily papers. We don't know the rate per 1,000, but there is not a fortune in it.

C.N. (South Norwood).—The best way to study advertising is to study advertisements, street and Press, the latter more especially in American papers and journals.

J.W. (Brighton).—A boarding-house keeper has no power to detain a defaulting guest's luggage; an innkeeper has. The explanation is that the latter is legally bound to provide accommodation for man and beast if he can, the former is not.

A.L. (Manchester).—We advise you to learn Sloan-Duployan high-speed shorthand. Communicate with F. Harvey Hatchard, Principal, Holborn Hall College, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

R.R. (Walthamstow).—"Mac" in Highland names, means "son of." Thus Macpherson is, "Son of the Parson," Macintyre, "Son of the Carpenter," to which there attaches a legend too long to relate here.

"AMATEUR." (Margate).—Under Football Association Rules an amateur may be employed by the club for which he plays in a secretarial or other capacity, provided it is shown that the amount of remuneration he receives is not affected by his services as a player. In other words, he must be paid for what he does at "market rates," and no more.

W. G. CAUSLEY, of 582, Langside, Winnipeg, Canada, wishes to communicate with "Modern Man" readers in India.

B.P. (Westminster).—Certainly an Army Officer on the active list can be elected a Member of Parliament. When this happens the usual practice is to "second" him—that is, to relieve him of regimental duties, though he retains his place in the Army.

A.H.W. (Duke of York's Royal Military School).—Get into communication with Messrs. W. and G. Foyle, 135, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

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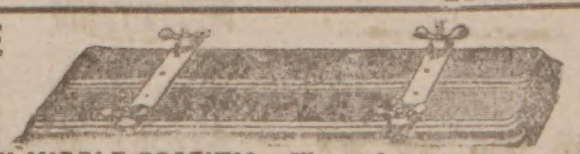
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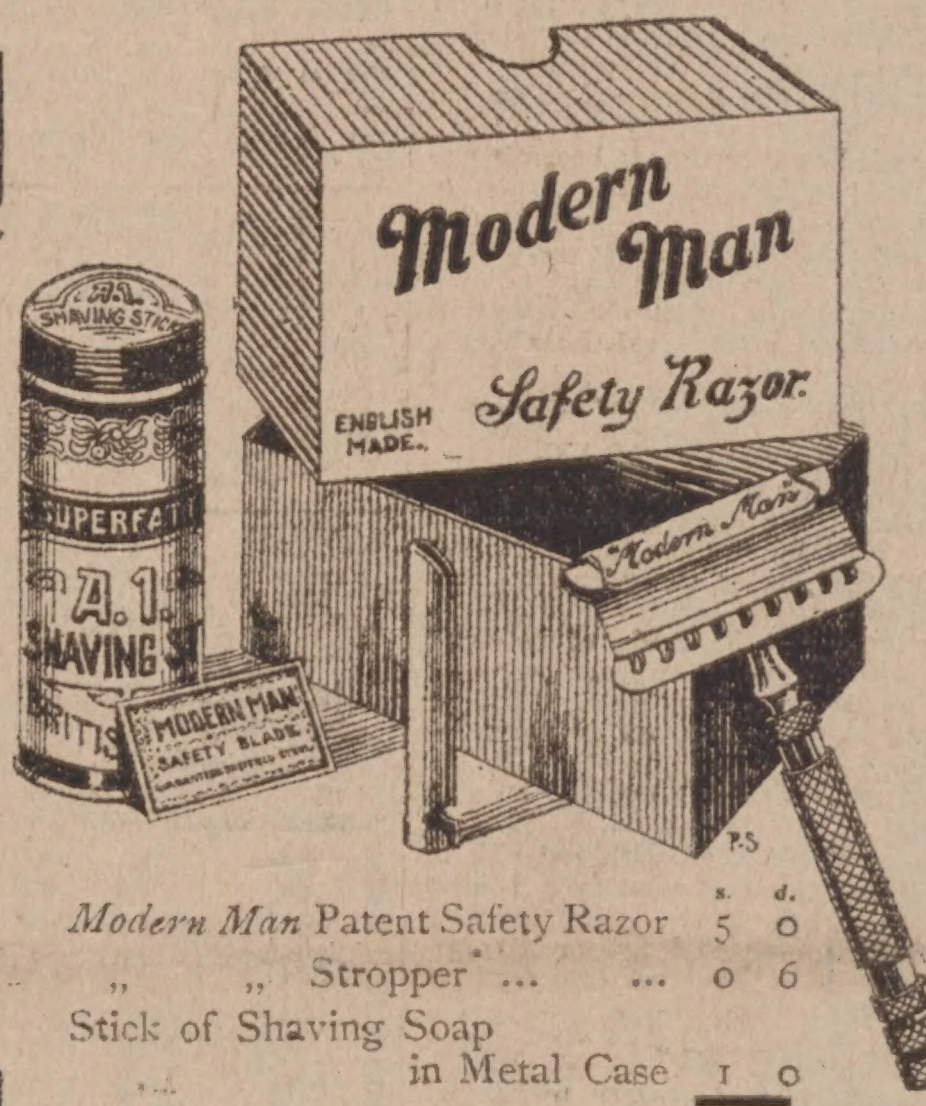

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